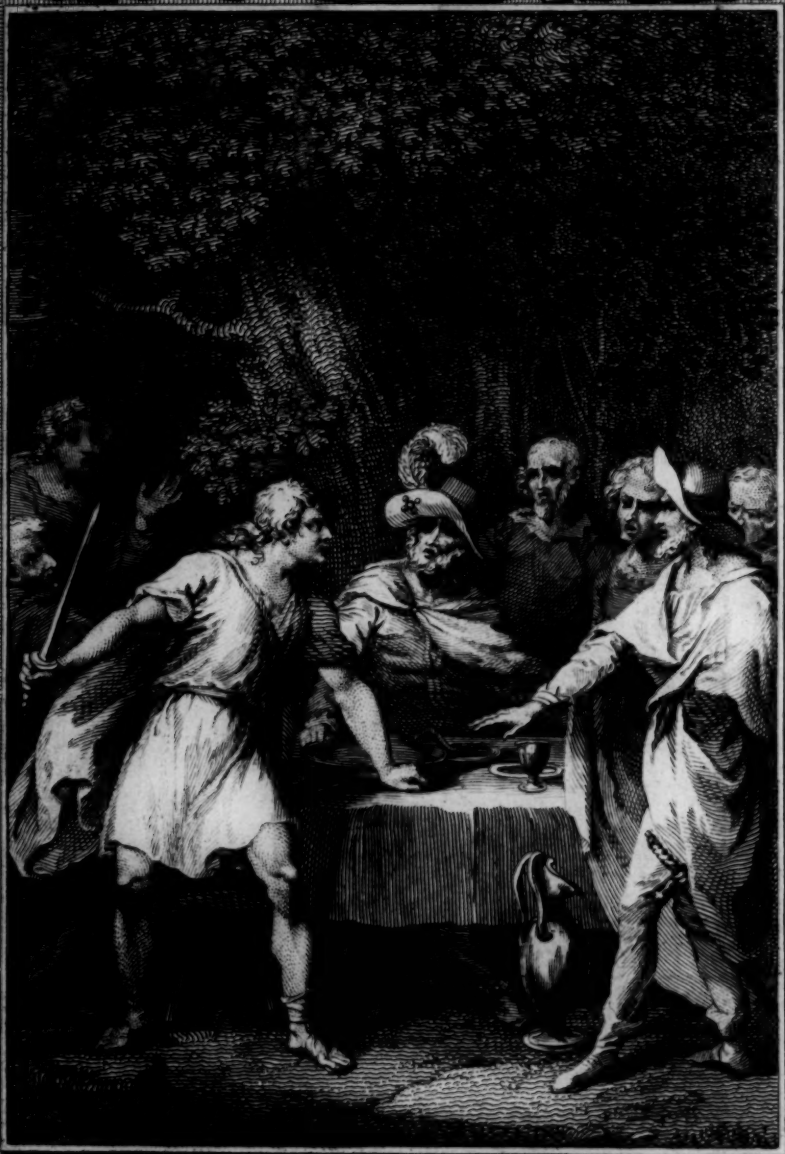
Act. 2nd

Scene 6th

As You Like It



ORLANDO. FORBEAR & EAT NO MORE

Bayley del

Sharp Sculp

Published 20 July 1786 by W Lowndes

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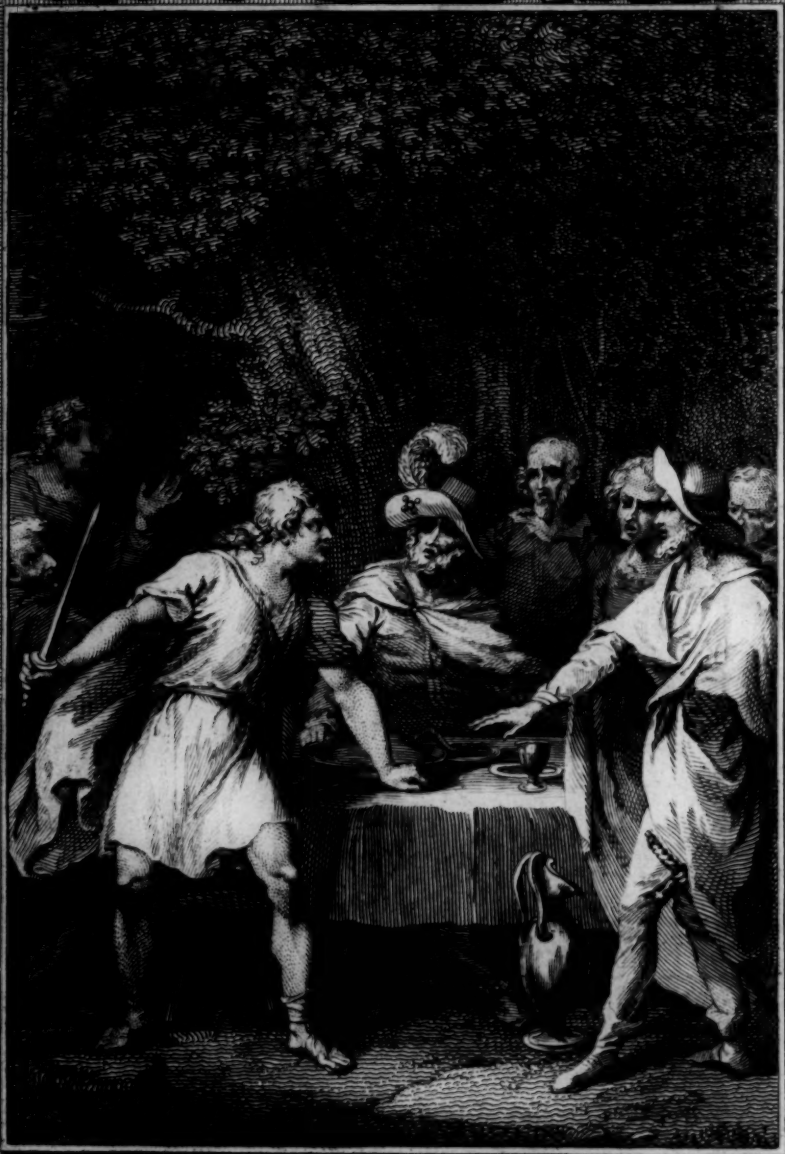

ORLANDO. FORBEAR & EAT NO MORE

Bayley del

Sharp Sculp

Published 20 July 1786 by W Lowndes

A Shakespeare (W.)

AS YOU LIKE IT.

A

COMEDY.

WRITTEN BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Marked with the Variations in the

MANAGER's BOOK,

AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.

LONDON:

Printed for C. BATHURST, J. F. & C. RIVINGTON, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN & SON, B. WHITE & SON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, C. DILLY, T. PAYNE & SON, J. NICHOLS, T. CADELL, J. ROBSON, G. G. J. & J. ROBINSON, A. STRAHAN, T. BOWLES, R. BALDWIN, H. L. GARDNER, J. BEW, W. CATER, J. MURRAY, W. STUART, S. HAYES, W. LOWNDES, S. BLADON, G. & T. WILKIE, W. FOX, SCATCHERD & WHITAKER, E. NEWBERRY, and J. BARKER.

M.DCC.LXXXVI.

Dramatis Personæ.

	At Covent-Garden.	At Drury-Lane.
Duke, *Senior*	Mr. Clarke.	Mr. Aickin.
Duke Federic	Mr. Fearon.	Mr. Chaplin.
Amiens	Mr. Johnstone.	Mr. Williams.
Jaques	Mr. Henderson.	Mr. Palmer.
Le Beau	Mr. Booth.	Mr. Phillimor.
Oliver	Mr. Davies.	Mr. Packer.
Jaques de Boys		Mr. Fawcett.
Orlando	Mr. Lewis.	Mr. Brouton.
Adam	Mr. Hull.	Mr. Moody.
Touchstone	Mr. Quick.	Mr. King.
Corin	Mr. Thompson.	Mr. Waldron.
Sylvius	Mr. Chalmers.	Mr. R. Palmer.
William	Mr. Wewitzer.	Mr. Burton.
Charles	Mr. Darley.	Mr. Wrighten.
Dennis		
Rosalind	Mrs. Pope.	Mrs. Siddons.
Celia	Mrs. Inchbald.	Mrs. Wilson.
Phœbe	Miss Stuart.	Miss Barnes.
Audrey	Mrs. Wilson.	Mrs. Wrighten.

Observations
on the Fable and composition
of
As you like it

As you like it was certainly borrowed, if we believe Dr Gray, and Mr Upton, from Coke's Tale of Gamelyn; which by the way was not printed till a century afterward: whom in truth the old bard, who was no hunter of MS. contented himself solely with Lodge's Rosalynd, or Euphues' Golden Legacye. 4 to. 1590

Farmer

Shakespeare has followed Lodge's novel more exactly than is his general custom when he is indebted to such worthless originals; and has sketched some of his principal characters, and borrowed a few expressions from it. His imitations, yet however, are in general too insignificant to merit transcription. It should be observed that the characters of Jaques, the Clown, and Audrey, are entirely of the poet's own formation.

Although I have never met with any edition of this Comedy before the year 1623, it is evident that such a publication was at least designed. At the beginning of the second volume of the entries at Stationers' Hall, are placed two leaves of irregular prohibitions, notes &c. Among these are the following:

Aug. 4
"As you like it, a book . . . }
"Henry the Fifth, a book . . . } to be stayed"
"Comedy of Much ado, a book }

The dates scattered over these pages are from 1596 to 1615

Steevens

Of this play the fable is wild and pleasing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Rosalind and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven for the heroism of

her friendship. The character of Jaques is natural and well preserved. The comic dialogue is very sprightly, with less mixture of low buffoonery than in some other plays; and the grave part is elegant and harmonious. By hastening to the end of his work, Shakespeare suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers

Johnson

† As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but a poor thousand crowns (&c.) The grammar, as well as sense, suffers cruelly by this reading. I would read: as I remember, Adam, it was on this fashion — He bequeathed me by will, &c. Orlando & Adam enter abruptly in the midst of a conversation on this topick; and Orlando is correcting some misapprehension of the other

Blackstone

& We should read stys, i.e. keeps me like a brute. The following words — for call you that keeping — that differs not from the stalling of an ox, confirm this emendation — So Caliban says "and here you sty me in this hard rock"

Warburton

Sties is better than stays, and more likely to be Shakespeare

Johnson

Edwin

AS YOU LIKE IT.

The Paſſages omitted in the Repreſentation are marked with inverted Commas.

ACT I.

SCENE, Oliver's *Orchard.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Orlando. AS I remember, *Adam*, it was upon this 'faſhion' bequeathed me. By will, but a poor thouſand crowns; and, as thou ſayeſt, charged my brother, on his bleſſing, to breed me well. And there begins my ſadneſs. My brother *Jaques* he keeps at ſchool, and report ſpeaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me ruſtically at home; or, to ſpeak more properly, ſtays me here 'at home,' unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the ſtalling of an ox? His horſes are bred better; for, beſides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders daily hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Beſides, this nothing that he ſo plentifully gives me, the ſomething that nature gave me, his countenance ſeems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, *Adam*, that grieves me; and the ſpirit of my father, which, I think, is within me, begins to mutiny againſt this ſervitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wiſe remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my maſter, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, *Adam*, and thou ſhalt hear how he will ſhake me up.

Oli. Now, ſir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar ye then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made; a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

'*Oli.* Marry, sir, be better employed, and be nought 'a while.

'*Orl.* Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with 'them? What prodigal's portion have I spent, that I 'should come to this penury?'

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than he I am before, knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy! [*menacing with his hand.*

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this. [*collaring him.*

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir *Rowland de Boys*; 'he was my father,' and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, 'till I please. You shall hear me.—My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me up like a peasant, obscuring and hiding me from all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may

X. Be content to be a cypher, till I that think fit to elevate you into consequence

O - albeit I confess &c. / This, I apprehend, refers to the courtesy of distinguishing the eldest son of a Knight, by the title of Esquire

Henley

I The word villain is used by the elder brother in its present meaning, for a worthless, wicked, or bloody man; by Orlando, in it's original signification, for a fellow of base extraction

Johnson

may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by teſtament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is ſpent? ——Well, ſir, get you in:—I will not long be troubled with you: you ſhall have ſome part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Moſt true, I have loſt my teeth in your ſervice. God be with my old maſter, he would not have ſpoke ſuch a word.

[*Exeunt* Orlando *and* Adam.

Oli. Is it even ſo?—Begin you to grow upon me?—I will phyſic your rankneſs, and yet give no thouſand crowns neither. Holla, *Dennis!*

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worſhip?

Oli. Was not *Charles*, the Duke's wreſtler, here to ſpeak with me?

Den. So pleaſe you, he is here at the door, and importunes acceſs to you.

Oli. Call him in.——[*Exit* Dennis.] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wreſtling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good-morrow to your worſhip.

Oli. Good Monſieur *Charles*, what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, ſir, but the old news: that is, the old Duke is baniſhed by his younger brother the new Duke; and three or four loving Lords have put themſelves into voluntary exile with him, whoſe lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if *Roſalind*, the old Duke's daughter, be baniſhed with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the new Duke's daughter, her couſin, ſo loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that ſhe would have followed her exile, or have died

to ſtay behind her. She is at the court, and no leſs beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They ſay he is already in the foreſt of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*. They ſay many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time careſly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wreſtle to-morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry do I, ſir; and I come to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, ſir, ſecretly to underſtand, that your younger brother *Orlando* had a diſpoſition to come in diſguiſed againſt me to try a fall. To-morrow, ſir, I wreſtle for my credit; and he that eſcapes me without ſome broken limb, ſhall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and for your love I would be loth to foil him, as I muſt for mine own honour, if he come in. 'Therefore out of my love to 'you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either 'you might ſtay him from his intendment, or brook ſuch 'diſgrace well as he ſhall run into; in that it is a thing 'of his own ſearch, and altogether againſt my will.'

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou ſhalt find, I will moſt kindly requite. I had myſelf notice of my brother's purpoſe herein, and have by underhand means laboured to diſſuade him from it; but he is reſolute. I tell thee, *Charles*, he is the ſtubborneſt young fellow in *France*; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a ſecret and villainous contriver againſt me his natural brother. Therefore uſe thy diſcretion; I had as lief thou didſt break his neck, as his finger. And thou wert beſt look to't; for if thou doſt him any ſlight diſgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himſelf on thee, he will practiſe againſt thee by poiſon; entrap thee by ſome treacherous device; and never leave thee till he has ta'en thy life by ſome indirect means or other: for I aſſure thee (and almoſt with tears I ſpeak it) there is not one ſo young and ſo villainous this day living.

I ſpeak

‡ Sorts in this place means ranks and degrees of men

I ſpeak but brotherly of him; but ſhould I anatomize him to thee as he is, I muſt bluſh and weep, and thou muſt look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wreſtle for prize more. And ſo, God keep your worſhip. [*Exit.*

Oli. Farewel, good *Charles*. 'Now will I ſtir this 'gameſter:' I hope I ſhall ſee an end of him; for my ſoul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than him. Yet he's gentle; never ſchooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all ſorts enchantingly beloved; and indeed, ſo much in the heart of the world, and eſpecially of my own people, who beſt know him, that I am altogether miſpriſed. But it ſhall not be ſo long———this wreſtler ſhall clear all. Nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *An open Walk before the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Roſalind *and* Celia.

Cel. I pray thee, *Roſalind*, ſweet 'my' coz, be merry.

Roſ. Dear *Celia*, I ſhew more mirth than I am miſtreſs of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unleſs you could teach me to forget a baniſhed father, you muſt not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleaſure.

Cel. Herein I ſee thou loveſt me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy baniſhed father, had baniſhed thy uncle, the Duke my father, ſo thou hadſt been ſtill with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; ſo wouldſt thou, if the truth of thy love to me were ſo righteouſly tempered, as mine is to thee.

Roſ. Well, I will forget the condition of my eſtate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father had no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou ſhalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will—and when I break that oath, let me turn monſter. Therefore, my ſweet *Roſe*, my dear *Roſe*, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports:—let me see—What think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayest in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may be henceforth bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true: for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest: and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter Touchstone.

Cel. No! when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature; 'when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter off of 'Nature's wit.'

Cel. Peradventure, this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such Goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, 'wit?' whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain Knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard

‡ The wheel of Fortune is not the wheel of a housewife. Shakespeare has confounded Fortune, whose wheel only figures uncertainty & vicissitude, with the Destiny that spins the thread of life, though not indeed with a wheel. Johnson

‡ Shakespeare probably alludes to the use of fools or jesters, who for some ages had been allowed in all courts an unbridled liberty of censure and mockery, and about this time began to be less tolerated

Johnson

✱ This is a proverbial expression, which is generally used to signify a glaring falsehood

Steevens

muſtard was naught. Now, I'll ſtand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the muſtard was good, and yet was not the Knight forſworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Roſ. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wiſdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: ſtroke your chins, and ſwear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you ſwear by that that is not, you are not forſworn: no more was this Knight ſwearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had ſworn it away, before ever he ſaw thoſe pancakes or that muſtard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is that thou meaneſt?

'*Touch.* One that old *Frederic*, your father, loves.

'*Cel.* My father's love is enough to honour him——

'Enough! ſpeak no more of him, you'll be whipt for taxation one of theſe days.

'*Touch.* The more pity, that fools may not ſpeak wiſely what wiſe men do fooliſhly.

'*Cel.* By my troth, thou ſayeſt true: for ſince the little wit that fools have was ſilenced, the little foolery that wiſe men have, makes a great ſhow.' Here comes Monſieur *Le Beau*.

Enter Le Beau.

Roſ. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Roſ. Then ſhall we be news-crammed.

Cel. All the better; we ſhall be the more marketable. Bon jour, Monſieur *Le Beau*; what news?

Le Beau. Fair princeſs, you have loſt much good ſport.

Cel. Sport? of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How ſhall I anſwer you?

Roſ. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the deſtinies decree.

Cel. Well ſaid; that was laid on with a trowel.

'*Touch.* Nay, if I keep not my rank——

Ros. Thou loſeſt thy old ſmell.'

Le Beau. You amaze me ladies: I would have told you of good wreſtling, which you have loſt the ſight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wreſtling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it pleaſe your ladyſhips, you may ſee the end; for the beſt is yet to do; and here where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three ſons—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and preſence——

Ros. With bills on their necks: *Be it known unto all men by theſe preſents*——

Le Beau. The eldeſt of the three wreſtled with *Charles* the Duke's wreſtler; which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: ſo he ſerved the ſecond, and ſo the third.—Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making ſuch pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the ſport, Monſieur, that the ladies have loſt?

Le Beau. Why this, that I ſpeak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiſer every day! It is the firſt time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was ſport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promiſe thee.

Ros. But is there any elſe longs to ſee this broken muſic in his ſides? is there yet another doats upon rib-breaking? Shall we ſee this wreſtling, couſin?

Le Beau. You muſt if you ſtay here; for here is the place appointed for the wreſtling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, ſure, they are coming. Let us now ſtay and ſee it.

Flouriſh.

‡ Rosalind hints at a whimsical similitude between the series of ribs gradually shortening, and some musical instruments, and therefore calls broken ribs, broken musick

Johnson

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederic, Lords, Orlando, Charles, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Come on. Since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke. How now, daughter and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men: in pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur *Le Beau.*

Duke. Do so. I'll not be by. [Duke *goes apart.*

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged *Charles* the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess, he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength. If you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised. We will make it our suit to the Duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall

do

do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better ſupplied when I have made it empty.

Roſ. The little ſtrength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Roſ. Fare you well. Pray Heaven I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's deſire be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is ſo deſirous to lie with his mother earth.

Orl. Ready, ſir. 'But his will hath in it a more mo-
'deſt working.'

Duke. You ſhall try but one fall.

Cha. No—I warrant your grace; you ſhall not entreat him to a ſecond, that have ſo mightily perſuaded him from a firſt.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you ſhould not have mocked me before; but come your ways.

Roſ. Now, *Hercules* be thy ſpeed, young man!

Cel. I would I were inviſible, to catch the ſtrong fellow by the leg. [*they wreſtle.*

'*Roſ.* O excellent young man!

'*Cel.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell
'who ſhould down.' [*ſhout.*

Duke. No more, no more. [Charles *is thrown.*

Orl. Yes, I beſeech your Grace: I am not yet well breathed.

Duke. How doſt thou, *Charles?*

Touch. He cannot ſpeak, my Lord.

Duke. Bear him away.——What is thy name, young man?

Orl. *Orlando*, my liege, the youngeſt ſon of Sir *Rowland de Boys.*

Duke. I would thou hadſt been ſon to ſome man elſe!
The world eſteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him ſtill mine enemy:
'Thou ſhouldſt have better pleas'd me with this deed,
'Hadſt thou deſcended from another houſe.'

But

X This seems an allusion to cards, where he that has no more Cards to play of any particular sort is out of Suit

Johnson

⊙ The quintaine was a stake driven into a field, upon which was hung a Shield and the trophies of war, at which they shot, darted, or rode with a lance. When the Shield and the trophies were all thrown down, the quintaine remained. Without this information how ~~the~~ could the reader understand the allusion of "——— my better parts
are all thrown down"

Guthrie

But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth;
—I would thou hadſt told me of another father.
[*Exit* Duke, *with his train.*
Manent Celia, Roſalind, *and* Orlando.
Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?
Orl. I am more proud to be Sir *Rowland*'s ſon,
His youngeſt ſon; and would not change that calling
To be adopted heir to *Frederic.*
Roſ. My father lov'd Sir *Rowland* as his ſoul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his ſon,
I ſhould have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he ſhould thus have ventur'd.
Cel. Gentle couſin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious diſpoſition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deſerv'd:
If you do keep your promiſes in love,
But juſtly as you have exceeded all promiſe,
Your miſtreſs ſhall be happy.
Roſ. Gentleman,
Wear this for me; one out of ſuits with Fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
—Shall we go, coz?
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Cel. Ay—Fare you well, fair gentleman.
Orl. Can I not ſay, I thank you?——My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here ſtands up
Is but a 'quintaine,' a mere lifeleſs block.
Roſ. He calls us back—my pride fell with my fortunes.
I'll aſk him what he would.—Did you call, ſir?—
Sir, you have wreſtled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.
Cel. Will you go, coz?
Roſ. Have with you—Fare you well.
[*Exeunt* Roſalind *and* Celia.
Orl. What paſſion hangs theſe weights upon my tongue?
I cannot ſpeak to her; yet ſhe urg'd conference.

Enter

Enter Le Beau.

O poor *Orlando!* thou art overthrown;
Or *Charles*, or ſomething weaker, maſters thee.

Le Beau. Good ſir, I do in friendſhip counſel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deſerv'd
High commendation, true applauſe, and love;
Yet ſuch is now the Duke's condition,
That he miſconſtrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humourous; what he is, indeed,
More ſuits you to conceive than me to ſpeak of.

Orl. I thank you, ſir: and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke
That here was at the wreſtling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the ſhorter is his daughter.
'The other is daughter to the baniſh'd Duke,
'And here detain'd by her uſurping uncle,
'To keep his daughter company; whoſe loves
'Are dearer than the natural bond of ſiſters.
'But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
'Hath ta'en diſpleaſure 'gainſt his gentle niece;
'Grounded upon no other argument,
'But that the people praiſe her for her virtues,
'And pity her for her good father's ſake;
'And, on my life, his malice 'gainſt the lady
'Will ſuddenly break forth.'—Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I ſhall deſire more love and knowledge of you. [*Exit.*

Orl. I reſt much bounden to you: fare ye well!
Thus muſt I from the ſmoke into the ſmother;
From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother:
But, heavenly *Roſalind!* [*Exit.*

SCENE, *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Celia *and* Roſalind.

Cel. Why, couſin; why, *Roſalind*—Cupid have mercy!—not a word?

Roſ. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be caſt away upon curs; throw ſome of them at me; 'come, lame 'me with reaſons.

'*Roſ.*

*. The word condition means character, temper, disposition

Johnson

† Thus the modern editors, the old editions have it, for my child's father, that is, as it is explained by Mr Theobald, for my future husband

Johnson

* That is, by this way of following the argument. Dear is used by Shakespeare in a double sense for beloved, and for hurtful, hated, baleful, Both senses are authorised, and both drawn from etymology; but properly, beloved is Dear, and hateful is Dire. Rosalind uses dearly in the good, and Celia in the bad sense

Johnson

* Celia answers Rosalind (who had desired her "not to hate Orlando, for her sake") as if she had said — "love him, for my sake:" to which the former replies, "Why should I not (i.e. love him)?"

Malone

« *Ros.* Then there were two cousins laid up; when « the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other « mad without any.

« *Cel.*' But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father. Oh, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try; if I could cry, hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despight of a fall.—But turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir *Rowland*'s youngest son?

Ros. The Duke, my father, loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not *Orlando.*

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I? doth he not deserve well?

Enter Duke, *with Lords.*

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do—Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your Grace,

Let

Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myſelf I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with my own deſires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do truſt I am not) then, dear uncle,
Never ſo much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your Highneſs.

Duke. Thus do all traitors;
'If their purgation did conſiſt in words,
'They are as innocent as grace itſelf.'
Let it ſuffice thee, that I truſt thee not.

Roſ. Yet your miſtruſt cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Roſ. So was I when your Highneſs took his dukedom;
So was I when your Highneſs baniſh'd him.
Treaſon is not inherited, my Lord;
Or if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, miſtake me not ſo much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear ſovereign, hear me ſpeak.

Duke. Ay, *Celia*, we but ſtay'd her for your ſake,
Elſe had ſhe with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her ſtay;
It was your pleaſure, and your own remorſe;
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if ſhe be a traitor,
Why ſo am I; we ſtill have ſlept together,
Roſe at an inſtant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wereſoe'er we went, like *Juno*'s ſwans,
Still we went coupled, and inſeparable.

Duke. She is too ſubtle for thee; and her ſmoothneſs,
Her very ſilence and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
'Thou art a fool: ſhe robs thee of thy name;
'And thou wilt ſhow more bright, and ſeem more virtuous,
'When ſhe is gone.' Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom,
Which I have paſt upon her—She is baniſh'd

Cel.

*. The meaning is, that when she was seen alone, she would be more noted

Johnson

*. I'll have a swashing (&c) Sir T. Hanmer,
for wch have Johnson
A swashing outside is an appearance of noisy
bullying valour. Swashing blow is used in Ro-
meo & Juliet Steevens

Cel. Pronounce that ſentence then on me, my liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke. 'You are a fool'—You, niece, provide yourſelf;
If yon out-ſtay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatneſs of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt* Duke, *&c.*

Cel. O my poor *Roſalind!* where wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Roſ. I have more cauſe.

Cel. Thou haſt not, couſin;
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'ſt thou not, the Duke
Hath baniſh'd me his daughter?

Roſ. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? *Roſalind* lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.
Shall we be ſundred? ſhall we part, ſweet girl?
No, let my father ſeek another heir.
Therefore deviſe with me how we may fly;
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not ſeek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourſelf, and leave me out:
For by this Heaven, now at our ſorrows pale,
Say what thou canſt, I'll go along with thee.

Roſ. Why, whither ſhall we go?

Cel. To ſeek my uncle in the foreſt of *Arden.*

Roſ. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth ſo far?
Beauty provoketh thieves ſooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myſelf in poor and mean attire,
'And with a kind of umber ſmirch my face;'
The like do you; ſo ſhall we paſs along,
And never ſtir aſſailants.

Roſ. Were it not better,
Becauſe that I am more than common tall,
That I did ſuit me all points like a man?
A gallant cutlas by my ſide,
A boar-ſpear in my hand; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
I'll have a ſwaſhing and a martial outſide;

As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.
Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?
Ros. I'll have no worse a name than *Jove*'s own page;
And therefore, look you, call me *Ganymed*.
But what will you be call'd?
Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.
Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fitest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight: now go we in content
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *Arden Forest.*

Enter Duke *senior*, Amiens, *and two or three Lords like Foresters.*

Duke sen. NOW, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious courts?
Here feel we but the penalty of *Adam*,
The seasons' difference; as the icy fang,
And churlish chidings of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
This is no flattery: these are counsellors,
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,

Wears

✱ It was the current opinion in Shakespeare's time, that in the head of an old toad was to be found a stone, or pearl, to which great virtues were ascribed. This stone has been often sought but nothing has been found more than accidental morbid indurations of the skull. Johnson

Edward Fenton, in his Secrete Wonders of Nature 4to. bl. let. 1569, says, that "there is founde in the heades of olde and great toades, a stone which they call Borax or Stelon: it is most commonly founde in the head of a hee toad of power to repulse poysons, and that it is a most soveraigne medicine for the stone" Steevens

† I would not change it:) Mr Upton, not without probability, gives these words to the Duke and makes Amiens begin: Happy is your grace Johnson

⊙ It is said, in one of the marginal notes to a similar passage in the 13th song of Drayton's Polyolbion, that "the hart weepeth at his dying: his tears are held to be precious in medicine" Steevens

Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it. Happy is your Grace,
That can tranſlate the ſtubbornneſs of fortune
Into ſo quiet and and ſo ſweet a ſtyle.

Duke ſen. Come, ſhall we go and kill us veniſon?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this deſert city,
Should in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my Lord,
The melancholy *Jaques* griev'd at that;
And, in that kind, ſwears you do more uſurp
Than doth your brother that hath baniſh'd you.
To-day my Lord of *Amiens*, and myſelf,
Did ſteal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whoſe antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor ſequeſter'd ſtag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languiſh; and, indeed, my Lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth ſuch groans
That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat
Almoſt to burſting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent noſe
In piteous chaſe: and thus the hairy fool,
'Much marked of the melancholy *Jaques*,'
Stood on the extremeſt verge of the ſwiſt brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke ſen. But what ſaid *Jaques*?
Did he not moralize this ſpectacle?

1 *Lord.* O yes, into a thouſand ſimilies.
Firſt, for his weeping in the needleſs ſtream;
Poor deer, quoth he, *thou mak'ſt a teſtament*
As worldlings do, giving thy ſum of more
To that which had too much. Then, being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends,
'*Tis right*, quoth he; *thus miſery doth part*

The flux of company. Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: *Ay*, quoth *Jaques*,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and, what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

'*Duke sen.* And did you leave him in this contem-
'plation?

'2 *Lord.* We did, my Lord, weeping and comment-
'ing

'Upon the sobbing deer.'

Duke sen. Shew me the place;
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Palace.*

Enter Duke Frederic, *with Lords.*

Duke. Can it be possible that no man saw them?

'It cannot be. Some villains of my court
'Are of consent and sufferance in this.

'1 *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did see her.

'The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
'Saw her a-bed; and in the morning early
'They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.'

2 *Lord.* My Lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princes' gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy *Charles*;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke. Send to his brother: fetch that gallant hither;

'If

I — to cope him) to encounter him; to engage with him

Johnson

Q Roynish, from rogneux, Fr. mangy, scurvy. The word is used by Chaucer in the Romaunt of the Rose, 988:

"That knottie was and all roinous."

Steevens

※ Shakespeare often uses memory for memorial

‡ Place here signifies a seat, a mansion, a residence. So, in the first book of Samuel, "Saul set him up a place, and is gone down to Gilgal." We still use the word in compound with another, as St James's place, Rathbone place; and Crosby place, in K. Richard the 3d by Stevens

'If he be abſent, bring his brother to me,
'I'll make him find him. Do this ſuddenly;'
And let not ſearch and inquiſition fail
To bring again theſe fooliſh runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Oliver's Houſe.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What! my young maſter? Oh, my gentle maſter,
Oh, my ſweet maſter, O you memory
Of old Sir *Rowland!* why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and valiant?
Why would you be ſo fond to overcome
The bony priſer of the humourous Duke?
Your praiſe is come too ſwiftly home before you.
Know you not, maſter, to ſome kind of men
Their graces ſerve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle maſter,
Are ſanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it.

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within theſe doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—'(no; no brother—yet the ſon—
'Yet not the ſon—I will not call him ſon
'Of him I was about to call his father)'
Hath heard your praiſes; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you uſe to lie,
And you within it. If he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place, this houſe is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, *Adam*, wouldſt thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, ſo you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldſt thou have me go and beg my food?
Or, with a baſe and boiſterous ſword, enforce

A thieviſh

A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold,
All this I give you; let me be your servant;
Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did I, with unbashful forehead, woo
The means of wickedness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. Oh! good old man, how well in the appears
The constant service of the antique world;
When service sweat for duty not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And, having that, do choak their service up,
Even with the having. It is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways; we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years 'till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.

* Blood turned out of the Course of nature
Johnson

‡ Even with the promotion gained by service
is service extinguished
Johnson

A cross was a piece of money stamped with a cross. On this our author is perpetually quibbling -

Steevens

At ſeventeen years many their fortunes ſeek;
But at fourſcore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better,
Than to die well, and not my maſter's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Foreſt of* Arden.

Enter Roſalind *in boy's cloaths, for* Ganymed; Celia *dreſt like a ſhepherdeſs, for* Aliena; *and* Touchſtone.

Roſ. O *Jupiter!* how weary are my ſpirits!

Touch. I care not for my ſpirits, if my legs were not weary.

Roſ. I could find in my heart to diſgrace my man's apparel, and cry like a woman: but I muſt comfort the weaker veſſel, as doublet and hoſe ought to ſhow itſelf courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good *Aliena.*

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I can go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you: yet I ſhould bear no croſs, if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purſe.

Roſ. Well, this is the foreſt of *Arden.*

Touch. Ay, now I am in *Arden:* the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers muſt be content.

Roſ. Ay, be ſo, good *Touchſtone.* Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old, in ſolemn talk.

Enter Corin *and* Silvius.

Cor. That is the way to make her ſcorn you ſtill.

Sil. O *Corin,* that thou knew'ſt how I do love her!

Cor. I partly gueſs; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, *Corin,* being old, thou canſt not gueſs,
Tho' in thy youth thou waſt as true a lover,
As ever ſigh'd upon a midnight pillow;
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As ſure, I think, did never man love ſo)
How many actions moſt ridiculous
Haſt thou been drawn to by thy fantaſy?

Cor. Into a thouſand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didſt then ne'er love ſo heartily.
If thou remembereſt not the ſlighteſt folly,
That ever love did make thee run into,

Thou

Thou haſt not lov'd——
Or if thou haſt not ſat as I do now,
Wearying the hearer in thy miſtreſs's praiſe,
Thou haſt not lov'd——
Or if thou haſt not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my paſſion now makes me;
Thou haſt not lov'd——Oh, *Phœbe, Phœbe, Phœbe!*
[*Exit* Silvius.

Roſ. Alas, poor ſhepherd! ſearching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found my own,

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love, I broke my ſword upon a ſtone, and bid him take that for coming o'nights to *Jane Smile:* and I remember the kiſſing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milked: and I remember the wooing of a peaſcod inſtead of her; from whom I took two cods, and giving her them again, ſaid with weeping tears, *Wear theſe for my ſake.* We, that are true lovers, run into ſtrange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, ſo is all nature in love, mortal in folly.

Roſ. Thou ſpeakeſt wiſer than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I ſhall ne'er be aware of mine own wit, 'till I break my ſhins againſt it.

'*Roſ. Jove! Jove!* this ſhepherd's paſſion is much 'upon my faſhion.

'*Touch.* And mine; but it grows ſomething ſtale with 'me.'

Cel. I pray you, one of you queſtion yon man,
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almoſt to death.

Touch. Holla; you, clown!

Roſ. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinſman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, ſir.

Cor. Elſe they are very wretched.

Roſ. Peace, I ſay—Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle ſir, and to you all.

Roſ. I pr'ythee, ſhepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this deſert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may reſt ourſelves, and feed.

Here's

‡ — battet, —) The instrument with which washers beat their coarse clothes. Johnson

⊙ For cods it would be more like Sense to read peas, which having the shape of pearls, resembled the common present of lovers. Johnson

In a Schedule of jewels in the 15th vol. of Rymer's Fædera, we find, "Item, two peascods of gold, with 17 pearls" Farmer

Peascods was the ancient term for peas as they were brought to market Steevens

⊙ — weaping tears,) a ridiculous description from a Sonnet in Lodge's Rosalynd, the novel on which this Comedy is founded

⁂ This description I do not well understand. In the midland counties, mortal, from mort, a great quantity, is used as a particle of amplification: as mortal tall, mortal little. Of this sense I believe Shakespeare takes the advantage to produce one of his darling equivocations. Thus the meaning will be, Sorrow at nature in love abounding in folly Johnson

*. In my voice, as far as I have a voice or vote; as far as I have power to bid you welcome

Johnson

Here's a young maid with travel much oppreſs'd,
And faints for ſuccour.
Cor. Fair ſir, I pity her;
And wiſh, for her ſake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am ſhepherd to another man,
And do not ſheer the fleeces that I graze;
My maſter is of churliſh diſpoſition,
And little recks to find the way to Heaven
By doing deeds of hoſpitality.
Beſides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on ſale; and at our ſheep-cote now,
By reaſon of his abſence there is nothing
That ye will feed on; but what is, come ſee;
And in my voice moſt welcome ſhall ye be.
Roſ. What is he that ſhall buy his flock and paſture?
Cor. That young ſwain that ye ſaw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.
Roſ. I pray thee, if it ſtand with honeſty,
Buy thou the cottage, paſture, and the flock,
And thou ſhalt have to pay for it of us.
Cel. And we will mend thy wages: I like this place,
And willingly could waſte my time in it.
Cor. Aſſuredly, the thing is to be ſold;
Go with me. If you like, upon report,
The ſoil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right ſuddenly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Amiens, Jaques, *&c.*

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.
Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monſieur *Jaques.*
Jaq. I thank it.—More, I pr'ythee, more.—I can ſuck melancholy out of a ſong, as a weazle ſucks eggs: come, warble, warble: 'more, I pr'ythee, more.'

SONG.

UNDER the green wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note,
Unto the ſweet bird's throat,

Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

'*Ami.* My voice is rugged; I know I cannot pleaſe
' you.

'*Jaq.* I do not deſire you to pleaſe me, I do deſire
' you to ſing: come, come, another ſtanza; call you
' 'em ſtanzas?

'*Ami.* What you will, Monſieur *Jaques.*

'*Jaq.* Nay, I care not for their names; they owe
' me nothing.—Will you ſing?

'*Ami.* More at your requeſt than to pleaſe myſelf.

'*Jaq.* Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank
' you; but that they call compliment is like the encounter
' of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily,
' methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me
' the beggarly thanks.—Come, ſing; and you that will
' not, hold your tongues.

'*Ami.* Well, I'll end the ſong. Sirs, cover the while;
' the Duke will drink under this tree: he hath been all
' this day to look you.

'*Jaq.* And I have been all this day to avoid him.—
' He is too diſputable for my company: I think of as
' many matters as he; but I give Heaven thanks, and
' make no boaſt of them.—Come, warble, come.

'SONG.

'*WHO doth ambition ſhun,*
'*And loves to lie i'the ſun,*
'*Seeking the food he eats,*
'*And pleas'd with what he gets;*
'*Come hither, come hither, come hither;*
'*Here ſhall he ſee*
'*No enemy,*
'*But winter and rough weather.*

'*Jaq.* I'll give you a verſe to this note, that I made
' yeſterday in deſpight of my invention.

'*Ami.*

⁂ a proverbial expression for high-born per-
sons

Johnson

'*Ami.* And I'll sing it.

'*Jaq.* Thus it goes:

'*If it do come to pass*
'*That any man turn ass;*
'*Leaving his wealth and ease,*
'*A stubborn will to please;*
'*Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me;*
'*Here shall he see*
'*Gross fools as he,*
'*An' if he will come to me.*

'*Ami.* What's that, *duc ad me?*'

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a 'circle.'——I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of *Egypt.*

Ami. And I'll go seek the Duke: his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE, *Another part of the Forest.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further. O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. —Farewel, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, *Adam!* no greater heart in thee? —live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little.— If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; 'hold death awhile at the arm's end: I 'will be here with thee presently; and if I bring thee 'not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die: but 'if thou diest before I come, thou art a mockery of my 'labour.'—Well said!—thou look'st cheerly; and I'll be with you quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air; come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good *Adam!* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Another part of the Forest.*

Enter Duke senior, *and Lords.* [*A table set out.*

Duke sen. I think he is transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My Lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a ſong.
Duke ſen. If he, compact of jars, grow muſical,
We ſhall have ſhortly diſcord in the ſpheres.
Go, ſeek him. Tell him I would ſpeak with him.
Enter Jaques.
1 *Lord.* He ſaves my labour by his own approach.
Duke ſen. Why, how now, Monſieur, what a life is this,
That your poor friends muſt woo your company?
What! you look merrily.
Jaq. A fool, a fool!——I met a fool i' the foreſt,
A motley fool!—a miſerable world!—
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down, and baſk'd him in the ſun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good ſet terms—and yet a motley fool.
Good-morrow, fool, quoth I—*No, ſir,* quoth he,
Call me not fool till Heaven hath ſent me fortune.
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-luſtre eye,
Says very wiſely, *It is ten o'clock;*
Thus we may ſee, quoth he, *how the world wags;*
'Tis but an hour ago ſince it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And ſo, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot.
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools ſhould be ſo deep contemplative;
And I did laugh, ſans intermiſſion,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool!—Motley's the only wear.
'*Duke ſen.* What fool is this?
'*Jaq.* O worthy fool!—One that has been a courtier;
'And ſays, if ladies be but young and fair,
'They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
'Which is as dry as the remainder biſket
'After a voyage, he hath ſtrange places cramm'd
'With

‡ - compact of jars, -) i.e. made up of discords
Steevens

⊙ A miserable world (is) a parenthetical exclamation, frequent among melancholy men and natural to Jaques at the sight of a fool, or at hearing of reflections on the frailty of life
Johnson

⁂. It would not have been necessary to repeat that a motley or party-coloured coat was anciently the dress of a fool, had not the editor of Ben Jonson's works been mistaken in his comment on the 53 Epigram
"——— where, out of motley's he
"Could save that line to dedicate to thee"
Steevens

' With obſervation, the which he vents
' In mangled forms—O that I were a fool!
' I am ambitious for a motley coat.
' *Duke ſen.* Thou ſhalt have one.
' *Jaq.* It is my only ſuit;
' Provided that you weed your better judgments
' Of all opinion, that grows rank in them,
' That I am wiſe. I muſt have liberty
' Withal; as large a charter as the wind,
' To blow on whom I pleaſe; for ſo fools have:
' And they that are moſt galled with my folly,
' The moſt muſt laugh; and why, ſir, muſt they ſo?
' The *why* is plain as way to pariſh church:
' He that a fool doth very wiſely hit,
' Doth very fooliſhly, although he ſmart,
' Not to ſeem ſenſeleſs of the bob. If not,
' The wiſe man's folly is anatomiz'd
' Even by the ſquandering glances of the fool.
' Inveſt me in my motley; give me leave
' To ſpeak my mind, and I will through and through
' Cleanſe the foul body of the infected world,
' If they will patiently receive my medicine.
' *Duke ſen.* Fy on thee! I can tell what thou wouldſt do.
' *Jaq.* What, for a counter, would I do, but good?
' *Duke ſen.* Moſt miſchievous foul ſin, in chiding ſin;
' For thou thyſelf haſt been a libertine,
' As ſenſual as the brutiſh ſting itſelf;
' And all the emboſſed ſores and headed evils,
' That thou with licence of free foot haſt caught,
' Wouldſt thou diſgorge into the general world.
' *Jaq.* Why, who cries out on pride,
' That can therein tax any private party?
' Doth it not flow as hugely as the ſea,
' 'Till that the very means do ebb?
' What woman in the city do I name,
' When that I ſay the city-woman bears
' The coſt of princes on unworthy ſhoulders?
' Who can come in, and ſay that I mean her,
' When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neigbour?

'Or what is he of baſeſt function,
'That ſays his bravery is not on my coſt;
'(Thinking that I mean him) but therein ſuits
'His folly to the metal of my ſpeech?
'There then; how then? what then? Let me ſee wherein
'My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
'Then he hath wrong'd himſelf: if he be free,
'Why then, my taxing, like a wild gooſe, flies
'Unclaim'd of any man.—But' who comes here?

Enter Orlando, *with ſword drawn.*

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.——

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor ſhall not, 'till neceſſity be ſerv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind ſhould this cock come of?

Duke ſen. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy diſtreſs;
Or elſe a rude deſpiſer of good manners,
That in civility thou ſeem'ſt ſo empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at firſt. The thorny point
Of bare diſtreſs hath ta'en from me the ſhew
Of ſmooth civility: yet am I inland bred,
And know ſome nurture. But forbear, I ſay—
He dies that touches any of this fruit,
'Till I and my affairs are anſwered.

'*Jaq.* An you will not
'Be anſwered with reaſon, I muſt die.'

Duke ſen. What would you have? Your gentleneſs ſhall force
More than your force move us to gentleneſs.

Orl. I almoſt die for food, and let me have it.

Duke ſen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you ſo gently?—Pardon me, I pray you;
I thought that all things had been ſavage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ſtern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this deſert inacceſſible,
Under the ſhade of melancholy boughs,
Loſe and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,

If

I nurture, is education — Steevens

I Upon Command, is at your own Command

Stevens

⊙ In the Treasury of Ancient and Modern Times, 1613, Proclus, a Greek author, is said to have divided the life time of man into seven ages; over each of which one of the seven planets was supposed to rule. "The first age is called infancy, containing the space of 4 yeares, ~~until~~ The second age continueth ten years, until he attaine to the yeares of fourteene; this age is called Childhood. The third age consisteth of 8 years, being named by our auncients Adolescencie or Youthhood; and it lasteth from 14 till 22 yeares be fully compleate. — The 4th age passeth on, till a man have accomplished 42, yeares, and is termed young Manhood — The fifth age named Mature manhood, hath (according to the said Author) 15 yeares of continuance and thereupon makes his progress so far as seven and 50 yeares — Afterwards in adding 12 to 57, you shall make up Sixty nine yeares which reach to the end of the sixth age, and is called old age. — The seventh and last of these 7 ages is limited from 69 yeares, so far as fourscore and eight, being called weak, declining, and Decrepite Age — If any man chance to goe beyond this age (which is more admired than

If ever ſat at any good man's feaſt,
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And known what 'tis to pity and be pitied;
Let gentleneſs my ſtrong enforcement be:
In the which hope I bluſh, and hide my ſword.
[*Sheathing his ſword.*

Duke ſen. True is it that we have ſeen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And ſat at good men's feaſts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that ſacred pity hath engender'd;
And therefore ſit you down in gentleneſs,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be miniſtered.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
While, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary ſtep
Limp'd in pure love; 'till he be firſt ſuffic'd,
Oppreſs'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke ſen. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waſte till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be bleſs'd for your good comfort! [*Exit.*

Duke ſen. Thou ſeeſt we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and univerſal theatre
Preſents more woful pageants than the ſcene
Wherein we play '~~in.~~'

Jaq. All the world's a ſtage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being ſeven ages. At firſt, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms—
And then, the whining ſchool-boy with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning-face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool—And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his miſtreſs' eye-brow—Then, a ſoldier,
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard,

Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth—And then, the juſtice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances,
And ſo he plays his part—The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon;
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childiſh treble, pipes
And whiſtles in his ſound—Laſt ſcene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

Re-enter Orlando, *with* Adam.

Duke ſen. Welcome—Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you moſt for him.

Adam. So had you need,
I ſcarce can ſpeak to thank you for myſelf.

Duke ſen. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to queſtion you about your fortunes.
Give us ſome muſic; and, good couſin, ſing.

Amiens *ſings.*

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not ſo unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not ſo keen,
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,
Altho' thy breath be rude.
'Heigh ho! ſing, heigh ho! unto the green holly;
'Moſt friendſhip is feigning, moſt loving mere folly.
'Then heigh ho, the holly!
'This life is moſt jolly.'

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter ſky.
That doſt not bite ſo nigh
As benefits forgot:

Tho'

noted in many) you shall evidently perceive that he with relation to his first condition of infancy again." Hippocrates likewise divided the life of man into seven ages, but differs from Proclus in the number of years allotted to each period. See Brown's Vulgar Errors, folio. 1686, p. 173

Malone

*. There is a greater beauty than appears at first sight in this image. He is comparing human life to a stage-play, of seven acts (which is no unusual division before our author's time) the sixth he calls the lean and slippered pantaloon, alluding to that general character in the Italian comedy, called Il Pantalone; who is a thin emaciated old man in slippers. and we designed, in that epithet, because Pantalone is the only character that acts in slippers

Warburton

Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
'Heigh ho! sing, &c.'

Duke sen. If that you were the good Sir *Rowland's* son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully, you were;
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness,
Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I am the Duke,
That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy master is—
Support him by the arm: give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *The Palace.*

Enter Duke, Lords, *and* Oliver.

Duke. NOT see him since?——Sir, sir, that cannot be—
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present: But look to it;
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
'Seek him with candle:' Bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
'Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. Oh, that your Highness knew my heart in this:
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villain thou. Well——push him out of doors;

And let my offices of ſuch a nature
Make an extent upon his houſe and lands:
Do this expediently, and turn him going,

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Foreſt.*

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Hang there, my verſe, in witneſs of my love;
And thou thrice-crowned queen of night, ſurvey,
With thy chaſte eye, from thy pale ſphere above,
Thy huntreſs' name, that my full life doth ſway.
O *Roſalind!* theſe trees ſhall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
That every eye which in this foreſt looks
Shall ſee thy virtue witneſs'd every where.
Run, run, *Orlando;* carve on every tree,
The fair, the chaſte, and unexpreſſive ſhe. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin *and* Touchſtone.

Cor. And how like you this ſhepherd's life, maſter *Touchſtone?*

Touch. Truly, ſhepherd, in reſpect of itſelf, it is a good life; but in reſpect that it is a ſhepherd's life, it is naught. In reſpect that it is ſolitary, I like it very well; but in reſpect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in reſpect that it is in the fields, it pleaſeth me well; but in reſpect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a ſpare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much againſt my ſtomach. Haſt any philoſophy in thee, ſhepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one ſickens, the worſe at eaſe he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends—That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: that good paſture makes fat ſheep; and that a great cauſe of the night, is the lack of the ſun: that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philoſopher. Waſt ever in court, ſhepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor.

✗ To make an extent of lands, is a legal phrase from the words of a writ (extendi facias) whereby the Sheriff is directed to cause certain lands to be appraised to their full extended value, before he delivers them to the person entitled under a cognizance, for in order that it may be known how soon the debt will be paid

Malone

I expediently.) That is, expeditiously. Johnson

♀ Thrice-crowned queen of night.) Alluding to the triple character of Proserpine, Cynthia, & Diana, given by some mythologists to the same goddess, and comprised in these memorable lines

"Terret, lustrat, agit, Proserpina, Luna, Diana
"Ima, superna, feras, sceptro, fulgore, sagittis."

Johnson

⊙ Undexpressive) for indexpressive.

✗. for good, read bad

♁ The natural philosopher is indeed ignorant (notwithstanding all his parade of knowledge) of the efficient cause of the things, as the rustic.

Warburton

Cor. Nay, I hope——

Touch. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason?

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saweſt good manners; if thou never saweſt good manners, then thy manners muſt be wicked; and wickedneſs is ſin, and ſin is damnation: thou art in a parlous ſtate, ſhepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, *Touchſtone*: thoſe that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour in the country is moſt mockable at the court. 'You told me, you ſalute not at the court, but you kiſs 'your hands; that courteſy would be uncleanly, if 'courtiers were ſhepherds.

'*Touch.* Inſtance, briefly; come, inſtance.

'*Cor.* Why, we are ſtill handling our ewes; and their 'fells, you know, are greaſy.

'*Touch.* Why do not your courtiers' hands ſweat?— 'and is not the greaſe of a mutton as wholeſome as the 'ſweat of a man? Shallow, ſhallow—A better inſtance, 'I ſay: come.

'*Cor.* Beſides, our hands are hard.

'*Touch.* Your lips will feel them the ſooner. Shallow 'again—a more ſounder inſtance, come.

'*Cor.* And they are often tarred over with the ſurgery 'of our ſheep; and would you have us kiſs tar? The 'courtiers' hands are perfumed with civet.

'*Touch.* Moſt ſhallow man!—Thou worms-meat, in 'reſpect of a good piece of fleſh—indeed!—Learn of the 'wiſe, and perpend. Civet is of a baſer birth than tar; 'the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the inſtance, 'ſhepherd.

'*Cor.* You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll reſt.

'*Touch.* Wilt thou reſt damned? God help thee, ſhal- 'low man! God make inciſion in thee! thou art raw.

'*Cor.*' Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happineſs; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greateſt of my pride is, to ſee my ewes graze and my lambs ſuck.

Touch.

Touch. That is another ſimple ſin in you, to bring the ewes and rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be a bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a ſhe-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated old cuckoldly ram, out of all reaſonable match.—If thou be'ſt not damned for this, the devil himſelf will have no ſhepherds; I cannot ſee elſe how thou ſhouldſt 'ſcape.

Cor. Here comes young Mr. *Ganymed*, my new miſtreſs's brother.

Enter Roſalind, *with a paper.*

Roſ. *From the eaſt to weſtern* Inde,
No jewel is like Roſalind,
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Roſalind.
All the pictures, faireſt limn'd,
Are but black to Roſalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the face of Roſalind.

Touch. I'll rhime you ſo, eight years together; dinners, and ſuppers, and ſleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rate to market.

Roſ. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taſte——

If a hart doth lack a hind,
Let him ſeek out Roſalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be ſure, will Roſalind.
'Winter garments muſt be lin'd,
'So muſt ſlender Roſalind.'
They that reap, muſt ſheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Roſalind.
Sweeteſt nut hath ſoureſt rind,
Such a nut is Roſalind.
'He that ſweeteſt roſe will find,
'Muſt find love's prick, and Roſalind.'

This is the very falſe gallop of verſes; why do you infect yourſelf with them?

Roſ.

x Wether and ram had anciently the same meaning.

Johnson

✠ Why should this desert silent be? I am persuaded is the right reading - as it is the sense is defective; for how with the hanging of tongues on every tree, make it less a desert?

Tyrwhitt

⊙ Perhaps the poet means her beauty and graceful elegance of shape, which he would prefer to her swiftness. But cannot Atalanta's better part mean her virtue or virgin chastity, with which nature had graced Rosalind, together with Helen's beauty without her heart or lewdness, with Cleopatra's dignity of behaviour & with Lucretia's modesty, that scorn'd to survive the loss of honor

Tollet.

I suppose Atalanta's better part is her wit, i.e. the swiftness of her mind

Farmer

✠ The touches) The features; les traits.

Johnson

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

'*Ros.* I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it
'with a medler: then it will be the earliest fruit in the
'country; for you will be rotton ere you be half ripe,
'and that's the right virtue of the medler.

'*Touch.* You have said; but whether wisely or no,
'let the forest judge.'

Enter Celia, *with a writing.*

Ros. Peace! here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. *Why should this a desart be,*
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.
Some of violated vows,
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend;
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda *write;*
Teaching all that read, to know
This quintessence of every sprite,
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven nature charg'd,
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen'*s cheeks, but not her heart;*
Cleopatra'*s majesty,*
Atalanta'*s better part,*
Sad Lucretia'*s modesty.*
Thus Rosalind, *of many parts*
By Heavenly synod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros.

Ros. O moſt gentle *Jupiter!*—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your pariſhioners withal, and never cried, *Have patience, good people!*

Cel. How now! back-friends!——ſhepherd, go off a little—go with him, ſirrah.

Touch. Come, ſhepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with ſcrip and ſcrippage. [*Exit* Corin *and* Touchſtone.

Cel. Didſt thou hear theſe verſes?

Ros. O yes, I heard them all, and more too; for ſome of them had in them more feet than the verſes would bear.

'*Cel.* That's no matter; the feet might bear the 'verſes.

'*Ros.* Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear 'themſelves without the verſe, and therefore ſtood lamely 'in the verſe.'

Cel. But didſt thou hear without wondering, how thy name ſhould be hanged and carved upon theſe trees?

Ros. I was ſeven of the nine days out of wonder before you came; for, look here, what I found on a palm-tree: I was never ſo be-rhimed ſince *Pythagoras*'s time, that I was an Iriſh rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and ſo encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it poſſible?

Ros. Nay, I pr'ythee now, with moſt petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and moſt wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping——

Ros. Good my complexion! doſt thou think, though I am capariſoned like a man, I have a doublet and hoſe in my

† Rosalind is a very learned lady. She alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine, which teaches that souls transmigrate from one animal to another, & relates that in his time he was an Irish rat, and by some metrical charm was rhymed to death. The power of killing rats with rhymes Donne mentions in his Satires, and Temple in his Treatises. Dr Grey has produced a similar passage from Randolph

"——— My poets
"Shall with a satire steeped in gall & vinegar,
"Rhyme them to death as they do rats in Ireland"

Johnson

¶ Alluding ironically to the proverb:
"Friends may meet, but mountains never greet."

Steevens

⊙ "Two hills (removed by an Earthquake) encountered together, charging as it were, and with violence assaulting one another, and retiring again as it were with a most mighty noise". Pliny

⁂ Out of all whooping) So in the old Comedy called Common conditions:
"I have ba-raced myself out of cry" Steevens

¶ The meaning is, Hold good my complexion, i.e. let me not blush

Warburton

† This is stark nonsense; we must read ~~a~~ off discovery, i.e. from discovery. "If you delay me one inch of time longer, I shall think this secret as far from discovery as the South-sea is"

Warburton

This sentence is rightly noted by the commentator as nonsense, but not so happily restored to sense. I read thus;

One inch of delay more is a South-sea. Discover, I prythee; tell me who is it quickly. But it may be read with still less change, and with equal probability. Every inch of delay more is a South-sea discovery: Every delay, however short, is to me tedious & irksome as the longest voyage, as a voyage of discovery on the South-sea

Johnson

Of for off is frequent in the elder writers. A South-sea of discovery is a discovery a South-sea off — as far as the South-sea.

Farmer

Warburton's sophistication ought to have been reprobated, and the old, which is the only reading that can preserve the sense of Rosalind, restored. A South-sea of discovery, is not a discovery, as far off, but as comprehensive as the South-sea; which being the largest in the world, affords the widest scope for exercising curiosity

Hanley

? The giant of Rabelais — he swallowed 5 pilgrims, their staves & all in a salad

Steevens

* Atomies are those minutes discernible particles in a stream of sunshine that breaks into a darkened room

Hanley

my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery. ' I pr'ythee, tell me who is it? quickly, and ' speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou ' might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as ' wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too ' much at once, or none at all.' I pr'ythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

' *Cel.* So you may put a man in your belly.

' *Ros.* Is he of God's making?' What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young *Orlando*, that tripped up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; ' speak, sad ' brow, and true maid.'

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose! What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me *Garagantua*'s mouth first; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size.— To say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atoms, as to resolve the propositions of a lover—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called *Jove*'s tree when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, ſtretched along like a wounded knight.

'*Ros.* Tho' it be pity to ſee ſuch a ſight, it well be-
'comes the ground.

'*Cel.* Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it cur-
'vets unſeaſonably.' He was furniſhed like a hunter.

Ros. Oh, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would ſing my ſong without a burden: thou bring'ſt me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I muſt ſpeak.—Sweet, ſay on.

Enter Orlando *and* Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out.—Soft, comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; ſlink by, and note him. [*They retire.*

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myſelf alone.

Orl. And ſo had I; but yet, for faſhion ſake, I thank you too for your ſociety.

Jaq. God be with you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do deſire we may be better ſtrangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-ſongs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verſes with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. *Roſalind* is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, juſt.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleaſing you, when ſhe was chriſtened.

Jaq. What ſtature is ſhe of?

Orl. Juſt as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty anſwers: Have you not been acquainted with goldſmiths wives, and conned them out of rings?

'*Orl.* Not ſo; but I anſwer you right painted cloth,
'from whence you have ſtudied your queſtions.'

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; 'I think it was made
'of *Atalanta*'s heels.' Will you ſit down with me, and

we

I Stoll was a term of the manege, by which the rider restrained and stopped his horse. Malone

⊙ a quibble between heart and hart. Steevens

*. may mean, I give you a true painted cloth answer: as we say, the talks right Billingsgate: that is exactly such language as is used at Billingsgate

Johnson

we will rail against our mistress, the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I would not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take either to be a fool or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll stay no longer with you: farewel, good signior Love! [*Exit.*

Orl. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good monsieur Melancholy. [Cel. *and* Ros. *come forward.*

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well—What would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me, what time o'day; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else, sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: time travels in divers paces, with divers persons: I'll tell you whom time ambles withal, whom time trots withal, whom time gallops withal, and whom he stands still withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, whom doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized; if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard, that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath

hath not the gout: for the one ſleeps eaſily, becauſe he cannot ſtudy; and the other lives merrily, becauſe he feels no pain: 'the one lacking the burden of lean and waſte-'ful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy, 'tedious penury.' Theſe time ambles withal.

Orl. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Roſ. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as ſoftly as foot can fall, he thinks himſelf too ſoon there.

Orl. Whom ſtays it ſtill withal?

Roſ. With lawyers in the vacation; for they ſleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Roſ. With this ſhepherdeſs, my ſiſter; here in the ſkirts of the foreſt, like fringe upon a petticoat.

'*Orl.* Are you a native of this place?

'*Roſ.* As the coney, that you ſee dwell where ſhe is 'kindled.'

Orl. Your accent is ſomething finer than you could purchaſe in ſo removed a dwelling.

Roſ. I have been told ſo of many: but indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to ſpeak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtſhip too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures againſt it; I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touched with ſo many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole ſex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Roſ. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are; every one fault ſeeming monſtrous, 'till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount ſome of them?

Roſ. No; I will not caſt away my phyſic, but on thoſe that are ſick. There is a man haunts the foreſt, that abuſes our young plants with carving *Roſalind* on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forſooth, deifying the name of *Roſalind*. If I could meet that fancy monger, I would give him ſome good counſel, for he ſeems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl.

‡ – removed / i. e. lonely
¶ used in this play for one civilized, in opposition to the rustick or the priest. Johnson

‡ i.e. blackness about the eyes — Steevens

⊙ That is, unwilling to be conversed with — Chamier

φ These seem to have been the ~~not~~ established and characteristical marks by which the votaries of love were denoted in the time of Shakespeare.

ϕ i.e. exact, drest with finical nicety. — Steevens

Orl. I am he that is ſo love-ſhak'd; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Roſ. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you—He taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of ruſhes, I am ſure, you are not priſoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Roſ. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and ſunken, which you have not; an unqueſtionable ſpirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not——but I pardon you for that, for ſimply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue——Then your hoſe ſhould be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your ſleeve unbuttoned, your ſhoe untied, and every thing about you demonſtrating a careleſs deſolation. But you are no ſuch man; you are rather point-de-vice in your accoutrements; as loving yourſelf, than ſeeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Roſ. Me believe it? you may as ſoon make her that you love, believe it; which I warrant, ſhe is apter to do, than to confeſs ſhe does; that is one of the points, in the which women ſtill give the lie to their conſciences. But, in good ſooth, are you he that hangs the verſes on the trees, wherein *Roſalind* is ſo admired?

Orl. I ſwear to thee, youth, by the white hand of *Roſalind*, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Roſ. But are you ſo much in love as your rhymes ſpeak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reaſon can expreſs how much.

Roſ. Love is merely a madneſs, and, I tell you, deſerves as well a dark houſe and a whip, as madmen do; and the reaſon why they are not ſo puniſhed and cured, is, that the lunacy is ſo ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profeſs curing it by counſel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any ſo?

Roſ. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his miſtreſs; and I ſet him every day to woo me. At which time would I, being but a mooniſh youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking;

liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic: and thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clear as a sound sheep's heart, that there should not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me *Rosalind*, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me here it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I will shew it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, nay, you must call me *Rosalind*——Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

Enter Touchstone *and* Audrey. 'Jaques *watching them.*'

Touch. Come apace, good *Audrey*; I will fetch up your goats, *Audrey*: and how, *Audrey*? am I the man yet? doth my simple features content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet honest *Ovid* was amongst the *Goths*.

'*Jaq.* [*aside.*] O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than '*Jove* in a thatched house!'

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room—Truly, I would the Gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honest in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning;

x — to a loving humour of madness:) The sense requires us to read loving for living.

⊙ Feat and feature, perhaps had anciently the same meaning. The Clown asks, if the features of his face content her, She takes the word in another sense, i.e. feats, deeds, and in her reply seems to mean, what feats, i.e. what have you done yet? The courtship of Andrey & her gallant had not proceeded further, as Sir William Witwood says, than a little mouth-glew; but she supposes him to be talking of something which as yet he had not performed

Steevens

I Nothing was ever wrote in a higher humour than this Simile. A great reckoning, in a little room, implies that the entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant

Warburton

※ This Sentence seems perplexed and ~~[illegible]~~ inconsequent, perhaps it were better read thus, What they swear as lovers they may be said to feign as poets — Johnson

⊙ By foul is meant coy or frowning — Hanmer

I rather believe foul to be put for the rustick pronunciation of fulk. Audrey, supposing the clown to have spoken of her as a fulk slut, says naturally enough, I am not a slut though, I thank the gods, I am foul, i.e. fulk. She was more likely to thank the gods for a belly-fulk, than for her being coy or frowning — Tyrwhitt

‡ — what tho'?) What tho'. — Johnson

feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then that the Gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly: for thou swearest to me, thou art honest: now if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard favoured: for honesty coupled to beauty, is, to have honey a sauce to sugar.

'*Jaq.* [*aside.*] A material fool.'

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the Gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the Gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

'*Jaq.* [*aside.*] I would fain see this meeting.'

Aud. Well, the Gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assemby but horn-beasts. But what tho'? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. —It is said, Many a man knows no end of his goods—right—many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so—poor men alone? —No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No. As a walled town is 'more' worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a batchelor; 'and by how much defence is better 'than no skill, so much is a horn more precious than to 'want.

'*Enter*

' *Enter Sir* Oliver Mar-text.

' Here comes Sir *Oliver*—Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, you are ' well met. Will you dispatch us here under this tree, ' or shall we go with you to your chapel?

' Sir *Oli.* Is there none here to give the woman?

' *Touch.* I will not take her on gift of any man.

' Sir *Oli.* Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is ' not lawful.

' *Jaq.* [*discovering himself.*] Proceed, proceed! I'll ' give her.

' *Touch.* Good even, good master *what ye call:* how ' do you, sir? You are very well met: God'ild you ' for your last company! I am very glad to see you— ' even a toy in hand here, sir—Nay, pray be covered.

' *Jaq.* Will you be married, *Motley?*

' *Touch.* As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his ' curb, and the faulcon his bells, so man hath his desire; ' and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

' *Jaq.* And will you, being a man of your breeding, ' be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to ' church, and have a good prieft that can tell you what ' marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as ' they join wainscott; then one of you will prove a ' shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

' *Touch.* I am not in the mind but I were better to be ' married of him than of another: for he is not like to ' marry me well; and not being well married, it will be ' a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

' *Jaq.* Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

' *Touch.*' Come, sweet *Audrey*, we must be married, or we must live in bawdry. Farewel, good Sir *Oliver.*

' *Not, O sweet* Oliver,
' *O brave* Oliver,
' *Leave me not behind thee;*
' *But wend away,*
' *Begone, I say,*
' *I will not to wedding with thee.*

' Sir *Oli.* 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of ' them all shall flout me out of my calling.' [*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

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‡ — much question) i.e. conversation

SCENE, *A Cottage in the Foreſt.*

Enter Roſalind *and* Celia.

Roſ. Never talk to me—I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to conſider, that tears do not become a man.

Roſ. But have I not cauſe to weep?

Cel. As good cauſe as one would deſire; therefore weep.

'*Roſ.* His very hair is of the diſſembling colour.

'*Cel.* Something browner than *Judas*'s: marry, his 'kiſſes are *Judas*'s own children.

'*Roſ.* I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

'*Cel.* An excellent colour: your cheſnut was ever the 'only colour.

'*Roſ.* And his kiſſing is as full of ſanctity, as the touch 'of holy beard.

'*Cel.* He hath bought a pair of caſt lips of *Diana:* a 'nun of winter's ſiſterhood kiſſes not more religiouſly; 'the very ice of chaſtity is in them.'

Roſ. But why did he ſwear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.

'*Roſ.* Do you think ſo?

'*Cel.* Yes. I think he is not a pick-purſe nor a horſe-'ſtealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as 'concave as a covered goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.'

Roſ. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Roſ. You have heard him ſwear downright, he was.

Cel. Was is not *is:* beſides, the oath of a lover is no ſtronger than the word of a tapſter; they are both the confirmers of falſe reckonings. He attends here in the foreſt on the Duke your father.

Roſ. I met the Duke yeſterday, and had much queſtion with him. He aſked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he: ſo he laughed, and let me go.—But what talk we of fathers, when there is ſuch a man as *Orlando.*

Cel. O, that's a brave man; he writes brave verſes, ſpeaks brave words, ſwears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely,

bravely, 'quite travers, athwart the heart of his lover; as 'a puny tilter, that ſpurs his horſe but one ſide, breaks 'his ſtaff like a noble gooſe:' but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides.—Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Miſtreſs and maſter, you have oft enquir'd
After the ſhepherd that complain'd of love,
Whom you ſaw ſitting by me on the turf,
Praiſing the proud diſdainful ſhepherdeſs
That was his miſtreſs.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will ſee a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love,
And the red glow of ſcorn and proud diſdain,
Go hence a little, and I ſhall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Roſ. Come, let us remove;
The ſight of lovers feedeth thoſe in love.
Bring us but to this ſight, and you ſhall ſay
I'll prove a buſy actor in their play.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Another Part of the Foreſt.*

Enter Silvius *and* Phœbe.

Sil. Sweet *Phœbe*, do not ſcorn me—do not, *Phœbe*—
Say that you love me not; but ſay not ſo
In bitterneſs. The common executioner,
Whoſe heart the accuſtom'd ſight of death makes hard,
Falls not the ax upon the humbled neck,
But firſt begs pardon. Will you ſterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Roſalind, Celia, *and* Corin.

Phœ. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'ſt me there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty ſure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'ſt and ſofteſt things,
Who ſhut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now do I frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.

'Now

J. I am afraid our bard is at his quibbles again. To dye means as much to dip a thing in a colour foreign to its own, as to expire. In this sense, contemptible as it is, the executioner may be said to die as much as live by bloody drops. Shakespeare is fond of opposing these terms to each other. In K. John is a play on words not unlike this:

"_____ ah with purpled hands
"Dyd in the dying slaughter of their foes."

Camden has preserved an epitaph on a dyer, which has the same turn

"He that dyed so oft in sport
"Dyed at last no colour fort!"

So, Heywood, in his Epigrams, 1562

"Is thy husband a Dyer, woman? a black?
"Had he no colour to dye thee on but black?
"Dieth he oft? you too oft when Customers call:
"But I would have him one day die once for all!
"Where he gone, Dyer never more would I wed,
"Dyers be ever dying, but never dead"

Steevens

He that liveth and dies, i.e, he who, to the very end of his life, continues a common executioner.

Tollet

✳ Fancy is here used for love.

Johnson

⊙ The Speaker may mean thus: Who might be your mother, that you insult, exult, and that too all in a breath. Such is perhaps the meaning of all at once.

Steevens

I The allusion is to the practice of mechanicks, whose work bespoke is more elaborate than that which is made up for chance customers, or to sell in quantities to retailers which is called sale-work.

Warburton

'Now counterfeit to ſwoon; why, now fall down;
'Or, if thou canſt not, oh, for ſhame, for ſhame,
'Lie not, to ſay mine eyes are murderers.
'Now ſhew the wound mine eyes have made in thee.
'Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
'Some ſcar of it; lean but upon a ruſh,
'The cicatrice and capable impreſſure
'Thy palm ſome moments keeps: but now mine eyes,
'Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
'Nor, I am ſure, there is no force in eyes
'That can do hurt.'

Sil. O dear *Phœbe*,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in ſome freſh cheek the power of fancy,
Then ſhall you know the wounds inviſible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phœ. But 'till that time,
Come not thou near me; and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I ſhall not pity thee.

Roſ. And why, I pray you?——Who might be your mother,
That you inſult, exult, and, all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have beauty,
(As, by my faith, I ſee no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed)
Muſt you be therefore proud and pitileſs?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I ſee no more in you than in the ordinary
Of Nature's ſale-work. Od's, my little life!
I think ſhe means to tangle mine eyes too:
No, faith, proud miſtreſs, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black ſilk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my ſpirits to your worſhip.
You fooliſh ſhepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
'Like foggy ſouth, puffing with wind and rain?'
You are a thouſand times a properer man
Than ſhe a woman. 'Tis ſuch fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children.

'Tis not her glaſs, but you, that flatters her;
' And out of you ſhe ſees herſelf more proper,
' Than any of her lineaments can ſhow her.'—
But, miſtreſs, know yourſelf; down on your knees,
And thank Heaven, faſting, for a good man's love:
For I muſt tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
Foul is moſt foul, being foul to be a ſcoffer.'
So, take her to thee, ſhepherd—fare you well.

Phæ. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;
I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

' *Roſ.* [*aſide.*] He's fallen in love with her foulneſs,
' and ſhe'll fall in love with my anger. If it be ſo, as
' faſt as ſhe anſwers thee with frowning looks, I'll ſauce
' her with bitter words.—Why look you ſo upon me?

' *Phæ.* For no ill will I bear you.'

Roſ. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falſer than vows made in wine:
Beſides, I like you not. If you will know my houſe,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by.
Will you go, ſiſter?—Shepherd, ply her hard—
Come, ſiſter—ſhepherdeſs, look on him better,
And be not proud. Though all the world could ſee,
None could be ſo abus'd in ſight as he.
Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt* Roſ. Cel. *and* Corin.

' *Phæ.* Dead ſhepherd, now I find thy ſaw of might;
' Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight?'

Sil. Sweet *Phœbe!*

Phæ. Hah! what ſay'ſt thou, *Silvius?*

Sil. Sweet *Phœbe*, pity me.

Phæ. Why, I am ſorry for thee, gentle *Silvius.*

Sil. Wherever ſorrow is, relief would be.
' If you do ſorrow at my grief in love,
' By giving love, your ſorrow and my grief
' Were both extermin'd.

' *Phæ.* Thou haſt my love; is not that neighbourly?

' *Sil.* I would have you.'

Phæ. ' Why, that were covetouſneſs.'
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee.

And

⁂ Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer:)
The ugly seem most ugly, when though ugly, they
are scoffers
Johnson

‡ other editions spoil foulness

⊙ Though all the world could look on you, none
could be so deceived as to think you beautiful
but he
Johnson

And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But ſince that thou canſt talk of love ſo well,
Thy company, which erſt was irkſome to me,
I will endure, and I'll employ the too;
But do not look for further recompence,
Than thine own gladneſs that thou art employ'd.
' *Sil.* So holy and ſo perfect is my love,
' And I in ſuch a poverty of grace,
' That I ſhall think it a moſt plenteous crop
' To glean the broken ears after the man
' That the main harveſt reaps: looſe now and then
' A ſcatter'd ſmile, and that I'll live upon.
' *Phœ.*' Know'ſt thou the youth that ſpoke to me ere-while?
Sil. Not very well; but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old *Carlot* once was maſter of.
Phœ. Think not I love him, tho' I aſk for him;
' 'Tis but a peeviſh boy—yet he talks well—
' But what care I for words? yet words do well,
' When he that ſpeaks them pleaſes thoſe that hear.
' It is a pretty youth—not very pretty—
' But, ſure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him.
' He'll make a proper man: the beſt thing in him
' Is his complexion; and faſter than his tongue
' Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
' He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
' His leg is but ſo ſo; and yet 'tis well:
' There was a pretty redneſs in his lip,
' A little-riper, and more luſty red
' Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas juſt the difference
' Betwixt the conſtant red and mingled damaſk.'
There be ſome women, *Silvius*, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cauſe to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He ſaid mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, ſcorn'd at me:

I marvel why I anſwer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou ſhalt bear it—Wilt thou, *Silvius?*
Sil. Phœbe, with all my heart.
Phœ. I'll write it ſtraight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart.
I will be bitter with him, and paſſing ſhort.
Go with me, *Silvius*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *The Foreſt.*

Enter Roſalind, 'Celia, *and* Jaques.'

'*Jaq.* I Pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better ac-
'quainted with thee.

'*Roſ.* They ſay you are a melancholy fellow.

'*Jaq.* I am ſo; I do love it better than laughing.

'*Roſ.* Thoſe that are in extremity of either, are abo-
'minable fellows, and betray themſelves to every modern
'cenſure worſe than drunkards.

'*Jaq.* Why, 'tis good to be ſad, and ſay nothing.

'*Roſ.* Why then, 'tis good to be a poſt.

'*Jaq.* I have neither the ſcholar's melancholy, which
'is emulation; nor the muſician's, which is fantaſtical;
'nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the ſoldier's,
'which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic;
'nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which
'is all theſe: but it is a melancholy of mine own, com-
'pounded of many ſimples, extracted from many objects,
'and, indeed, the ſundry contemplation of my travels,
'on which my often rumination wraps me in a moſt hu-
'mourous ſadneſs.

'*Roſ.* A traveller! By my faith, you have great rea-
'ſon to be ſad. I fear you have ſold your own lands, to
'ſee other men's; then, to have ſeen much, and to have
'nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

'*Jaq.* Yes, I have gained me experience.'

Ente

Enter Orlando.

'*Ros.* And your experience makes you ſad. I had 'rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience 'to make me ſad; and to travel for it too.'

Orl. Good day, and happineſs, dear *Roſalind!*

'*Jaq.* Nay then——God b'w'y you, an you talk in 'blank verſe. [*Exit.*

Roſ. 'Farewel, monſieur traveller: look, you liſp, 'and wear ſtrange ſuits; diſable all the benefits of your 'own country: be out of love with your nativity, and 'almoſt chide God for making you that countenance you 'are; or I will ſcarce think you have ſwam in a gon-'dola.'——Why, how now, *Orlando!* where have you been all this while? You a lover!——An you ſerve me ſuch another trick, never come in my ſight more.

Orl. My fair *Roſalind,* I come within an hour of my promiſe.

Roſ. Break an hour's promiſe in love! He that will divide a minute into a thouſand parts, and break but a part of the thouſandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be ſaid of him, that *Cupid* hath clapt him o'the ſhoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear *Roſalind.*

'*Roſ.* Nay, an you be ſo tardy, come no more in my 'ſight. I had as lief be wooed of a ſnail.

'*Orl.* Of a ſnail?

'*Roſ.* Ay, of a ſnail; for though he comes ſlowly, he 'carries his houſe on his head; a better jointure, I think, 'than you can make a woman: beſides, he brings his 'deſtiny with him.

'*Orl.* What's that?

'*Roſ.* Why, horns; which ſuch as you are fain to be 'beholden to your wives for; but he comes armed in his 'fortune, and prevents the ſlander of his wife.

'*Orl.* Virtue is no horn-maker; and my *Roſalind* is 'virtuous.

'*Roſ.* And I am your *Roſalind.*

'*Cel.* It pleaſes him to call you ſo; but he hath a '*Roſalind* of a better leer than you.'

Roſ. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holy-

day humour, and like enough to conſent. What would you ſay to me now, an I were your very, very *Roſalind?*

Orl. I would kiſs before I ſpoke.

Roſ. Nay, you were better ſpeak firſt; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occaſion to kiſs. Very good orators, when they are out, they will ſpit; and for lovers lacking (God warn us) matter, the cleanlieſt ſhift is to kiſs.

Orl. How if the kiſs be denied?

Roſ. Then ſhe puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

'*Orl.* Who could be out, being before his beloved 'miſtreſs?

'*Roſ.* Marry, that ſhould you, if I were your miſtreſs; 'or I ſhould think my honeſty ranker than my wit.

'*Orl.* What, of my ſuit?

'*Roſ.* Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your 'ſuit.' Am not I your *Roſalind?*

Orl. I take ſome joy to ſay, you are; becauſe I would be talking of her.

Roſ. Well, in her perſon, I ſay, I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine own perſon, I die.

Roſ. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almoſt ſix thouſand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own perſon, *videlicet*, in a love-cauſe. *Troilus* had his brains daſhed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. *Leander*, he would have lived many a fair year, though *Hero* had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midſummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to waſh in the *Heleſpont*, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the fooliſh chroniclers of that age found it was—*Hero* of *Seſtos*. But theſe are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right *Roſalind* of this mind; for, I proteſt, her frown might kill me.

Roſ. By this hand, it will not kill a fly—But come; now I will be your *Roſalind* in a more coming-on diſpoſition; and aſk me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl.

‡ Sir T. Hanmer reads, coroners, by the advice as Dr Warburton hints, of some anonymous critick

Johnson

Mr Edwards proposes the same emendation and supports it by a passage in Hamlet:

"The coroner has sat on her, and finds it — Christian —
"an burial."

I believe, however, that the old copy is right

Malone

‡ Mr Malone supposes an allusion here to some well known conduit:
His conjecture is right. The allusion is to the Cross in Cheapside: the religious images with which it was ornamented, being defaced, as we learn from Stowe, in 1595: There was then set up, a curious wrought tabernacle of grey marble, and in the same an image alabaster of Diana, and water conveyed from the Thames, pilling from her naked breast.
Statues, and particularly that of Diana with water conveyed through them to give them the appearance of weeping figures, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains

Orl. Then love me, *Rosalind.*

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, *Fridays* and *Saturdays*, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us. Give me your hand, *Orlando:* What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin——*Will you*, Orlando——

Cel. Go to—Will you, *Orlando*, have to wife this *Rosalind?*

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now, as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say, *I take thee*, Rosalind, *for wife.*

Orl. I take thee, *Rosalind*, for wife.

'*Ros.* I might ask you for your commission; but I do 'take thee, *Orlando*, for my husband. There's a girl 'goes before the priest; and certainly, a woman's thought 'runs before her actions.

'*Orl.* So do all thoughts; they are winged.'

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Such a day, without the ever. No, no, *Orlando;* men are *April* when they woo, *December* when they wed: maids are *May* when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a *Barbary* cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamourous than a parret against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing, like *Diana* in the fountain; and I will do that, when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when you are inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my *Rosalind* do so?

¶ The bark of a hyena very much resembles a loud laugh

Ros. By my life, ſhe will do as I do.

Orl. O, but ſhe is wiſe.

Ros. Or elſe ſhe could not have the wit to do this: the wiſer, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the caſement; ſhut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; ſtop that, it will fly with the ſmoak out of the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with ſuch a wit, he might ſay, *Wit, whither wilt?*

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, 'till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuſe that?

Ros. Marry, to ſay, ſhe came to ſeek you there. You ſhall never take her without her anſwer, unleſs you take her without her tongue. O that woman, that cannot make her fault her huſband's occaſion, let her never nurſe her child herſelf, for ſhe will breed it like a fool.

SONG.

WHEN daiſies pied, and violets blue,
And ladies' ſmocks all ſilver white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.
The cuckoo then, on every tree
Mocks married men, for thus ſings he:
Cuckoo, Cuckoo, O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear.

When ſhepherds pipe on oaten ſtraws,
And merry larks are plowmen's clocks,
And turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their ſummer ſmocks;
The cuckoo then, &c. &c.

Orl. For theſe two hours, *Roſalind*, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I muſt attend the Duke at dinner. By two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought

* This was an exclamation much in use, when any one was either talking nonsense, or usurping a greater share in conversation than justly belonged to them. The same expression occurs more than once in Taylor the water-poet, and seems to have been the title of some ludicrous performance.

Steevens

‡ That is, represent her fault as occasioned by her husband.

Johnson

thought no less—that flattering tongue of your's won me —'tis but one cast away, and so, come death—Two o'the clock is your hour!

Orl. Ay, sweet *Rosalind.*

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call *Rosalind*, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful; therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my *Rosalind:* So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try. Adieu! [*Exit* Orlando.

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate; 'we must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over 'your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done 'to her own nest.'

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of *Portugal.*

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of *Venus*, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love: I'll tell thee, *Aliena*, I cannot be out of sight of *Orlando:* I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

'*Enter* Jaques, Lords, *and* Foresters.

'*Jaq.* Which is he that kill'd the deer?

'*Lord.* Sir, it was I.

'*Jaq.* Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman 'conqueror: and it would do well to set the deer's horns 'upon his head, for a branch of victory: Have you no 'song, forester, for this purpose?

'*For.* Yes, sir.

'*Jaq.* Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it 'make noise enough.

'Music, Song.

'1. *What shall he have that kill'd the deer?*
'2. *His leather skin and horns to wear.*
'1. *Then sing him home:*
'*Take thou no scorn*
'*To wear the horn, the horn, the horn:*
'*It was a crest, ere thou wast born.*
'1. *Thy father's father wore it;*
'2. *And thy father bore it:*
'*The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,*
'*Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.* [Exeunt.

'*Enter* Rosalind *and* Celia.

'*Ros.* How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? 'And here's much *Orlando!*

'*Cel.* I warrant you, with pure love and troubled 'brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone 'forth to sleep.—Look, who comes here?'

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth—
My gentle *Phœbe* bid me give you this:
[*Giving a letter.*
I know not the contents; but, as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor. Pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. [*reading.*] Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer—bear this, bear all—
She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as phœnix. 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents;
Phœbe did write it.

Ros.

Ros. Come, come, you're a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
' I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
' A free-stone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
' That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
' She has a housewife's hand—but that's no matter'—
I say, she never did invent this letter——
This is a man's invention, and his hand.
Sil. Sure, it is hers.
Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel stile,
A stile for challengers; why, she defies me
Like *Turk* to *Christian*: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?
Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of *Phœbe*'s cruelty.
Ros. She *Phœbe*'s me——Mark how the tyrant writes.

[Reads.] *Art thou God to shepherd turn'd,*
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?

Can a woman rail thus?
Sil. Call you this railing?
Ros. [Reads.] *Why, thy Godhead laid apart,*
War'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?

Whiles the eye of men did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me, what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chide me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?

He that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind,
Whether that thy youth and kind

Will

Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.——Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee? not to be endured!——Well, go your way to her; (for I see love hath made thee a tame snake) and say this to her; That if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true love, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit* Silvius.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know
Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right-hand, brings you to the place:
But at this hour the house doth keep itself,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye doth profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description,
Such garments, and such years; the boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: but the woman low,
And browner than her brother.—Are not you
The owner of the house, I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

Oli. *Orlando* doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth, he calls his *Rosalind*,
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli.

‡ I see that love hath made thee a tame snake.
This term was in our author's time frequently used to express a poor contemptible fellow

Malone

b — napkin, i.e. handkerchief

Steevens

‡ we must read within two hours Johnson

⊙ — of Sweet and bitter fancy.) i.e. love, which is always thus described by our old poets, as composed of contraries

※ To hurtle is to move with impetuosity and tumult Steevens

Oli. When laſt the young *Orlando* parted from you,
He left a promiſe to return again
Within an hour; and pacing through the foreſt,
Chewing the food of ſweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aſide,
And mark what object did preſent itſelf.
Under an oak, whoſe boughs were moſs'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'er-grown with hair,
Lay ſleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded ſnake had wreath'd itſelf,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but ſuddenly
Seeing *Orlando*, it unlink'd itſelf,
And with indented glides did ſlip away
Into a buſh; under which buſh's ſhade
A lioneſs, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch
When that the ſleeping man ſhould ſtir; for 'tis
The royal diſpoſition of that beaſt
To prey on nothing that doth ſeem as dead.
This ſeen, *Orlando* did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. I have heard him ſpeak of that ſame brother;
And he did render him the moſt unnatural
That liv'd 'mongſt men.

Oli. And well he might ſo do;
For, well I know he was unnatural.

Roſ. But, to *Orlando*—did he leave him there,
Food to the ſuck'd and hungry lioneſs?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd ſo:
But kindneſs, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, ſtronger than his juſt occaſion,
Made him give battle to the lioneſs,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
From miſerable ſlumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Roſ. Was it you he reſcued?

Cel. Was't you that did ſo oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not ſhame

To

To tell you what I was, ſince my converſion
So ſweetly taſtes, being the thing I am.

Roſ. But, for the bloody napkin?—

Oli. By and by.
When from the firſt to laſt, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had moſt kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that deſert place—
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me freſh array and entertaiment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me inſtantly unto his cave,
There ſtripp'd himſelf, and here upon his arm
The lioneſs had tore ſome fleſh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, in fainting, upon *Roſalind.*—
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after ſome ſmall ſpace, being ſtrong at heart,
He ſent me hither, ſtranger as I am,
To tell this ſtory, that you might excuſe
His broken promiſe; and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the ſhepherd youth,
That he in ſport doth call his *Roſalind.*

Cel. Why, how now? *Ganymed!*——Sweet!——
Ganymed! [Roſalind *faints.*

Oli. Many will ſwoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it—couſin—*Ganymed!*

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Roſ. I would I were at home!

Cel. We'll lead you thither—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth—You a man?—you lack a man's heart.

Roſ. I do ſo, I confeſs it. 'Ah, ſir, a body would 'think this was well counterfeited.' I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho?—

Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great teſtimony in your complexion, that it was a paſſion of earneſt.

Roſ. Counterfeit, I aſſure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Roſ.

Ros. So I do; but, i'faith, I ſhould have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards—Good ſir, go with us.

Oli. That will I; for I muſt bear anſwer back,
How you excuſe my brother, *Roſalind.*

Ros. I ſhall deviſe ſomething. But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him.—Will you go? [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *The Foreſt.*

Enter Touchſtone *and* Audrey.

Touch. WE ſhall find a time, *Audrey*—patience, gentle *Audrey.*

Aud. Faith, the prieſt was good enough, for all the old gentleman's ſaying.

Touch. A moſt wicked Sir *Oliver, Audrey;* a moſt vile *Mar-text.*—But, *Audrey,* there is a youth in the foreſt lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no intereſt in me in the world—Here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to ſee a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to anſwer for: we ſhall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, *Audrey.*

Aud. God give you good even, *William.*

Will. And good even to you, ſir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend—Cover thy head—cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be covered.——How old are you, friend?

Will. Five-and-twenty, ſir.

Touch. A ripe age: is thy name *William?*

Will. William, ſir.

Touch. A fair name. Waſt born i'the foreſt here?

Will. Ay, ſir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God—a good anſwer. Art rich?

Will.

Will. 'Faith, sir, so-so.

Touch. So-so; 'Tis good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not; it is but so-so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying; *The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me; To have, is to have.—For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, by being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other. For all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he: now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman: Therefore, you, clown, abandon—which is in the vulgar, leave—the society—which in the boorish, is company—of this female—which in the common is—woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will over-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do, good *William.*

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin.

'*Cor.* Our master and mistress seek you; come away, 'away.'

Touch. Trip, *Audrey*, trip, *Audrey*; I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter Orlando *and* Oliver.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should

‡ This was designed as a Sneer on the Trivial trifling and insignificant Sayings and actions recorded of the ancient philosophers, by the writers of their Lives, such as Diogenes Laertius, Philostratus, Eunapius &c as appears from its being introduced by one of their wise Sayings Warburton

*. Olive speaks to Rosalind in the character she had assumed, of a woman courted by Orlando his brother

Chamier

‡ So, in Laneham's Account of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth-Castle 1575: — "outragious in their rages as rams at their "rut."

Steevens

⊙ It appears from many of our old dramas that, in our author's time, it was a common custom, on the breaking out of a fray, to call out "Clubs — Clubs" — to part the combatants

Malone

ſhould like her? that, but ſeeing, you ſhould love her? and loving, woo? and wooing, ſhe ſhould grant? and will you perſevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddineſs of it in queſtion, the poverty of her, the ſmall acquaintance, my ſudden wooing, nor her ſudden conſenting; but ſay with me, I love *Aliena;* ſaw with her that ſhe loves me; conſent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it ſhall be to your good; for my father's houſe, and all the revenue that was old Sir *Rowland*'s, will I eſtate upon you, and here live and die a ſhepherd.

Enter Roſalind.

Orl. You have my conſent. Let your wedding be to-morrow; thither will I invite the Duke, and all his contented followers. Go you, and prepare *Aliena;* for, look you, here comes my *Roſalind.*

Roſ. God ſave you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair ſiſter.

Roſ. Oh my dear *Orlando*, how it grieves me to ſee thee wear thy heart in a ſcarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Roſ. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Roſ. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to ſwoon, when he ſhewed me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Roſ. O, I know where you are——Nay, 'tis true—— There was never any thing ſo ſudden, but the ſight of two rams, and *Cæſar*'s thraſonical brag of I *came*, I *ſaw*, and *overcame:* For your brother and my ſiſter no ſooner met, but they looked; no ſooner looked, but they loved; no ſooner loved, but they ſighed; no ſooner ſighed, but they aſked one another the reaſon; no ſooner knew the reaſon, but they ſought the remedy: and in theſe degrees have they made a pair of ſtairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or elſe be incontinent before marriage. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They ſhall be married to-morrow, and I will bid

the Duke to the nuptial. But, O how bitter a thing it is to look into happineſs through another man's eyes! 'by 'ſo much the more ſhall I to-morrow be at the height of 'heart-heavineſs, by how much I ſhall think my brother 'happy, in having what he wiſhes for.'

Roſ. Why, then to-morrow I cannot ſerve your turn for *Roſalind?*

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Roſ. I will weary you no longer then with idle talking. Know of me then, 'for now I ſpeak to ſome purpoſe, 'that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I 'ſpeak not this, that you ſhould bear a good opinion of 'my knowledge, inſomuch, I ſay, I know what you are; 'neither do I labour for a greater eſteem than may in 'ſome little meaſure draw a belief from you to do your-'ſelf good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you 'pleaſe,' that I can do ſtrange things: I have, ſince I was three years old, converſed with a magician, moſt profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love *Roſalind* ſo near the heart, as your geſture cries it out, when your brother marries *Aliena*, you ſhall marry her.—I know into what ſtreights of fortune ſhe is driven; and it is not impoſſible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to ſet her before your eyes to-morrow, human as ſhe is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'ſt thou in ſober meaning?

Roſ. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I ſay I am a magician: Therefore, put you on your beſt array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you ſhall; and to *Roſalind*, if you will.

Enter Silvius *and* Phœbe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phœ. Youth, you have done me much ungentleneſs,
To ſhew the letter that I writ to you.

Roſ. I care not if I have; it is my ſtudy
To ſeem deſpightful and ungentle to you.
You are there follow'd by a faithful ſhepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worſhips you.

Phœ. Good ſhepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be made all of ſighs and tears,
And ſo am I for *Phœbe*.

Phœ.

I The plain meaning is, I have a high value for my life, though I pretend to be a magician; and thereon might be supposed able to elude death

Reed

Phœ. And I for *Ganymed.*
Orl. And I for *Rosalind.*
Ros. And I for no woman.
'*Sil.* It is to be made all of faith and service,
'And so am I for *Phœbe.*
'*Phœ.* And I for *Ganymed.*
'*Orl.* And I for *Rosalind.*
'*Ros.* And I for no woman.
'*Sil.* It is to be all made of fantasy,
'All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
'All adoration, duty and observance,
'All humblenes, all patience, and impatience,
'All purity, all trial, all observance;
'And so am I for *Phœbe.*
'*Phœ.* And so am I for *Ganymed.*
'*Orl.* And so am I for *Rosalind.*
'*Ros.* And so am I for no woman.
'*Phœ.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you? [*To* Rosalind.
'*Sil.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
'*Orl.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you? [*To* Rosalind.
'*Ros.* Who do you speak to, *Why blame you me to love you?*
'*Orl.* To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.'

Ros. Pray you no more of this; 'tis like the howling 'of Irish wolves against the moon.'—I will help you if I can—[*to* Silvius.]—I would love you, if I could—[*to* Phœbe.] To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you—[*to* Phœbe] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow.—I will satisfy you, [*to* Orlando] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow.—I will content you [*to* Silvius] if what pleases you, contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you love *Rosalind*, meet [*to* Orlando]—as you love *Phœbe*, meet [*to* Silvius.]—and as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.
Phœ. Nor I.
Orl. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

'*Enter*

'*Enter* Touchſtone *and* Audrey.

'*Touch.* To-morrow is the joyful day, *Audrey*—to-
'morrow will we be married.

'*Aud.* I do deſire it with all my heart; and, I hope,
'it is no diſhoneſt deſire, to deſire to be a woman of
'the world. Here comes two of the baniſhed Duke's
'pages.

'*Enter two Pages.*

'1 *Page.* Well met, honeſt gentleman.

'*Touch.* By my troth, well met: come, ſit, ſit, and a
'ſong.

'2 *Page.* We are for you. Sit i'the middle.

'1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawk-
'ing or ſpitting, or ſaying we are hoarſe, which are the
'only prologues to a bad voice?

'2 *Page.* I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like
'two gypſies on a horſe.

'SONG.

'*IT was a lover and his laſs,*
'*With a heigh, and a ho, and a heigh nonino,*
'*That o'er the green corn-field did paſs,*
'*In the ſpring time, the pretty rank time,*
'*When birds did ſing, heigh ding a ding, ding;*
'*Sweet lovers love the ſpring.*
'*Between the acres of the rye,*
'*With a heigh, and a ho, and a heigh nonino,*
'*Theſe pretty country folks would lie,*
'*In the ſpring time,* &c.
'*The carol they began that hour,*
'*With a heigh, and a ho, and a heigh nonino,*
'*How that a life was but a flower,*
'*In the ſpring time,* &c.
'*And therefore take the preſent time,*
'*With a heigh, and a ho, and a heigh nonino,*
'*For love is crowned with the prime,*
'*In the ſpring time,* &c.

'*Touch.* Truly, young gentleman, though there was
'no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very un-
'tuneable.

'1 *Page.*

'1 *Page*. You are deceived, sir; we kept time, we
'lost not our time.

'*Touch*. By my troth, yes: I count it but time lost to
'hear such a foolish song. God be with you, and God
'mend your voices. Come, *Audrey*.' [*Exeunt*.

SCENE, *Another Part of the Forest*.

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, *and* Celia.

Duke sen. Dost thou believe, *Orlando*, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear, they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, *and* Phœbe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd.
You say, if I bring in your *Rosalind*, [*To the Duke*.
You will bestow her on *Orlando* here?

Duke sen. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her when I bring her? [*To* Orlando.

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing? [*To* Phœbe.

Phœ. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phœ. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you will have *Phoebe*, if she will? [*To* Silvius.

Sil. Tho' to have her and death were but one thing.

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, *Orlando*, to receive his daughter—
Keep your word, *Phoebe*, that you'll marry me;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd—
Keep your word, *Silvius*, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me; and from hence I go
To make these doubts all even. [*Exeunt* Rosalind *and* Celia.

Duke sen. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl.

Orl. My Lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good Lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle;
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter Touchstone *and* Audrey.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation, and greeting, to you all!

Jaq. Good, my Lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three taylors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How the seventh cause?—Good my Lord, like this fellow.

Duke sen. I like him very well.

Touch. God'ild you, sir, I desire of you the like: I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks.—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own—a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that 'that' no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke sen. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, aud such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause: how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch.

* Strange beasts are what we call odd animals

Johnson

‡ a man by the marriage ceremony swears that he will keep only to his wife, when therefore to gratify his lust, he leaves her for another, he breaks his matrimonial obligation, and his foresworn

Horley

⊙ This I do not understand. For diseases it is easy to read discomforts; but perhaps the fault may lie deeper

Johnson

Perhaps he calls a proverb a disease. Proverbial sayings may appear to him as the surfeiting diseases of conversations. They are often the plague of commentators.

Dr Farmer would read — in such dulcet diseases — i.e. in the sweet uneasiness of love, a time when people usually talk nonsense

Steevens

I The poet has, in this scene, ridiculed the mode of the former duelling, then so prevalent, with the highest humour and address: nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt than by making his clown so knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatise of one Vincentio Saviolo, entitled, Of honour and honorable quarrels in quarto, printed by Wolf 1594. The first part of the tract he entitles, A discourse most necessary for all gentlemen that have in regard their honours, touching the giving and receiving the lye, whereupon the Duello and the Combat in divers forms doth ensue: and many other inconveniences for lack only, of true knowledge of honour, and the right understanding of words, which is here set down 1st What The contents of the several chapters are as follow: 1st What the reason is that the party unto whom the lye is given ought to become challenger, and of the nature of lies. 2d of the manner and diversity of lies 3d Of the lye certain or direct. 4th of conditional lies, or the lye circumstantial. 5 Of the lye in general. 6th of the lye in particular. 7th Of foolish lies. 8th a conclusion touching the wresting or returning back of the lye, or the counter-check quarrelsome. In the chapter of conditional lies, speaking of the particle if, he says,

Touch. Upon a lie ſeven times removed; (bear your body more ſeeming, *Audrey*) as thus, ſir. I did diſlike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he ſent me word, if I ſaid his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was. This is called the *retort courteous*. If I ſent him word again, it was not well cut, he would ſend me word, he cut it to pleaſe himſelf. This is called the *quip modeſt*. If again, it was not well cut, he diſabled my judgment. This is called the *reply churliſh*. If again, it was not well cut, he would anſwer, I ſpake not true. This is called the *reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he wold ſay, I lie. This is called the *countercheck quarrelſome*; and ſo, the *lie circumſtantial*, and the *lie direct*.

Jaq. And how oft did you ſay, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durſt go no further than the *lie circumſtantial*, nor durſt he give me the *lie direct*; and ſo we meaſured ſwords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of a lie?

Touch. O, ſir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The firſt, the retort courteous; the ſecond, the quip modeſt; the third, the reply churliſh; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelſome; the ſixth, the lie with circumſtance; the ſeventh, the lie direct. All theſe you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew, when ſeven juſtices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themſelves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, *If you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo*; and they ſhook hands, and ſwore brothers. Your *If* is the only peacemaker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my Lord? he's good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke ſen. He uſes his folly like a ſtalking-horſe, and under the preſentation of that, he ſhoots his wit.

Enter

Enter Hymen, Rosalind *in woman's cloaths, and* Celia.

STILL MUSIC.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in Heaven,*
When earthly things, made even,
Atone together.
Good Duke, *receive thy daughter,*
Hymen *from Heaven brought her,*
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within his bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself; for I am yours.
[*To the* Duke.
To you I give myself; for I am yours. [*To* Orlando.

Duke sen. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my *Rosalind.*

Phoe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love, adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he.
[*To the* Duke.
I'll have no husband, if you be not he. [*To* Orlando.
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. [*To* Phœbe.

'*Hym.* Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
'Of these most strange events.
'Here's eight that must take hands,
'To join in *Hymen*'s bands,
'If truth holds true contents.
'You and no cross shall part; [*To* Orl. *and* Rosalind.
'You and you are heart in heart: [*To* Oliver *and* Celia.
'You to his love must accord,
'Or have a woman to your lord. [*To* Phœbe.
'You and you are sure together,
'As the winter to foul weather. [*To* Touch. *and* Audrey.
'Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
'Feed yourselves with questioning;
'That reason wonder may diminish,
'How thus we meet, and these things finish.

'SONG.

"Conditional lyes be such as are given Conditionally, thus — if thou hast said so or so, then thou liest. Of these kind of lyes, given in this manner often arise much contention, whereof no sure conclusion can arise." By which he means, they cannot proceed to cut one another's throat, while there is an *if* in heaven. Which is the reason of Shakespeare's making the clown say I knew when seven justices &c

Warburton

'SONG.

'*Wedding is great* Juno's *crown,*
'*O bleſſed bond of board and bed!*
'*'Tis* Hymen *peoples every town;*
'*High wedlock then be honoured:*
'*Honour, high honour and renown*
'*To* Hymen, *God of every town!*'

Duke ſen. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me,
Even daughter welcome in no leſs degree.
'*Phœ.* I will not eat my word—now thou art mine,
'Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.'

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two—
I am the ſecond ſon of old Sir *Rowland,*
That bring theſe tidings to this fair aſſembly.
Duke *Frederic* hearing how that every day
Men of great worth reſorted to this foreſt,
Addreſs'd a mighty power; which were on foot
In his own conduct purpoſely to take
His brother here, and put him to the ſword:
And to the ſkirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After ſome queſtion with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his baniſh'd brother,
And all their lands reſtor'd to them again,
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke ſen. Welcome, young man:
Thou offer'ſt fairly to thy brother's wedding;
To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,
A land itſelf at large, a potent dukedom.
Firſt, in this foreſt, let us do theſe ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And, after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd ſhrewd days and nights with us,
Shall ſhare the good of our returned fortune,
According to the meaſure of their ſtates.
Mean time, forget this new-fall'n dignity,

And fall into our ruſtic revelry—
Play, muſic; and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With meaſure heap'd in joy, to the meaſures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court.

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of theſe convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
You to your former honour I bequeath, [*To the* Duke.
Your patience, and your virtue, well deſerve it.
You to a love, that your true faith doth merit;
[*To* Orlando.
You to your land, and love, and great allies—
[*To* Oliver.
You to a long and well-deſerved bed— [*To* Silvius.
And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
[*To* Touchſtone.
Is but for two months victuall'd—ſo to your pleaſures:
I am for other than for dancing meaſures.

Duke ſen. Stay, *Jaques*, ſtay.

Jaq. To ſee no paſtime, I—what you would have,
I'll ſtay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke ſen. Proceed, proceed; we will begin theſe rites;
As, we do truſt, they'll end, in true delights.

Roſ. 'It is not the faſhion to ſee the lady the Epi-
'logue: but it is no more unhandſome, than to ſee the
'lord the Prologue.' If it be true, that good wine needs no buſh, 'tis true, that a good play needs no Epilogue.—Yet to good wine, they do uſe 'good' buſhes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good Epilogues.——What a caſe am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor can inſinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furniſhed like a beggar; therefore to beg will not become me. My way is to conjure you, and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleaſes them: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your ſimpering, none of you hate them) that between you and the women,

‡ Amidst this general festivity, the reader may be sorry to take leave of Jaques, who appears to have no share in it; and remains behind unreconciled to society. Shakespeare has on this occasion forgot old Adam, whose fidelity should have entitled him to notice at the end of the piece as well as to his master.

Steevens

ϕ It appears formerly to have been the custom to hang a tuft of ivy at the door of a vintner. I suppose ivy was rather chosen than any other plant, as it has relation to Bacchus

Steevens

women, the play may pleaſe. If I were among you, I would kiſs as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not: and, I am ſure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or ſweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make courteſy, bid me farewel.

[*Exeunt.*

FINIS.